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A

WINTER

IN

PARIS;

OR

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE C****:

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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A WINTER IN PARIS.

CHAP. I.

Oh! impotant estate of human life,
When hope and fear maintains eternal strife;
When fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
And most we question what we most desire;
Amongst thy various gifts, great heaven bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd: forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief: for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste;
Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last.

PRIOR.

AMONG those Parisian families who were in the habit of frequenting our society, were M. and Madame du Manoir, sensible, well-bred people, but without any distinguishing traits of character: their only daughter, Caro-

line, was rather of an uncommon cast; her figure remarkably petite, was well proportioned, but her face had nothing whatever to recommend it; she wore her hair, which was coarse, cropped short, with the exception of a few stiff curls in front; her eyes were light grey, and complexion muddy: her understanding was naturally good, but perfectly uncultivated; her manners quick and lively; and she contrived by well-timed attention and flattery, together with a constant appearance of good humour, to attract the attention of the gentlemen in a surprising degree, and was usually selected by her female acquaintances for this purpose, whenever a particular gentleman was to be attracted to the house, or detached from some other woman; and Caroline du Manoir was ever zealously inclined to further their undertakings, as she disliked the beautiful and engaging of her own

sex as much as she admired those of the other, who happened to possess these qualifications; she had continued her attacks upon de Linois for some time without success, but at last he began to take notice of her, whether with a design of annoying Angelica, or because he was amused by her flippancy I could not discover. I thought de Linois's behaviour very silly, more particularly so, as his addresses to Angelica had been made and received in due form, and their marriage was expected to take place in the course of a few weeks, while the ridiculous liberties which Caroline du Manoir suffered him to take appeared to me something worse than childish; but as Angelica had never made any observation to me on the subject, I thought not about it, unless the girls were romping before me. About the beginning of February madame gave a ball, and invited most

of her acquaintances. The apartments were thrown open, and the mirrors decorated with drapery of different coloured crape, and festoons of flowers confined the green satin window curtains. The company assembled about eleven o'clock, and Rimini, who had engaged my hand for the evening, led me up to the first cotillion, which I observed Angelica danced with de Linois. Engaged by the attentions of my partner, and fascinated by the charms of his every look and motion, I heeded not her movements, but remarked that de Linois danced the second dance with Caroline du Manoir, and after handing her some refreshments, placed himself at her side, fluttered her fan, and in short, seemed entirely occupied about her. I was on the point of remarking this to my partner, when the attention of the company was roused by a scream, and

Rimini had only time to catch Angelica in his arms, before she fell to the ground. Her mother was fortunately at a distance playing at cards, and de St. Hilaire requested the company would remain in their places, and not retard his daughter's recovery by crowding about her. He raised her in his arms, and carried her into her apartment, assisted by Rimini, and followed by de Linois. I knelt by her side, and endeavoured by every tender appellation to recal her to herself, and at last succeeded. She made signs to be left alone with me, and throwing her arms round my neck, burst into tears.

"Be composed, my dear Angelica, and tell me the cause of this violent agitation."

It was long before she could bring herself to acknowledge what I before suspected, that her lover's attention to Caroline du Manoir had occasioned

these tears and dismay. After having succeeded in some degree in soothing her mind, I requested she would attend to me as follows :—

"The happiness of your life, my dear Angelica, is at stake, and it will inevitably be lost, if you marry de Linois, and cannot view with indifference his attention to other women. Vanity is his ruling passion; his heart is cold, and those few affections he possesses entirely self-concentrated; therefore, perhaps, less blame is attached to him for wounding feelings he never experienced, or exercising tyranny whenever opportunity offers. His father early introduced him into polished society, and the fair united in caressing and admiring the beautiful boy, thus cherishing every seed of vanity and folly, and he will always continue frivolous and self-sufficient, even when his personal advantages have lost all their

charms, for his understanding, infinitely below mediocrity, cannot be supposed to point out to him the absurdity of his conduct, and vanity of his pursuits. Forgive me, Angelica, for expressing my sentiments thus freely of him whom you have distinguished with so great a preference; but it is not yet too late: and oh! that I could persuade you, young, beautiful, and fortune's favourite, not to bestow yourself upon a man who has nothing whatever to recommend him but a handsome person and a little superficial polish of manners."

Angelica appeared to listen attentively to what I had said, which I began to flatter myself had made some impression; but at length she asked me, in reply to my observations and admonitions, whether I thought that de Linois really admired Caroline du Manoir.

"Men are so capricious in their preferences, and so seldom guided by reason on these occasions, that it is difficult to determine; but at all events, situated as he now is in regard to yourself, it becomes highly improper for him to distinguish any other woman by a marked attention; but a man's character shews itself on most occasions."

We continued part of the night in conversation, while her lover and Rimini frequently petitioned for admittance; but as the first was peremptorily refused, the other shared the same fate. Angelica was too much indisposed to appear at dinner on the following day; and the celebrated physician, Dr. Gall, was consulted, who pronounced it merely an hysterical affection, which would yield to some trifling alteration in diet, and gentle exercise in the open air, when the weather would permit: but her

indisposition still continued, and effectually prevented her from sleeping till towards morning; I therefore usually sat by her bed-side, reading in a slow continued tone of voice, which would sometimes accelerate her repose. Going into the library one evening, for the purpose of selecting a book, I found Rimini sitting there alone. He arose immediately, and assisted me in taking down several from the shelves. I hastily made choice of one, and was on the point of retiring, when he entreated that I would favour him with a few moments conversation. I returned, and placing the light upon the table, prepared to listen, with a mixture of anxious curiosity, which nearly suspended my powers of respiration, and diffused over my frame the trembling emotions of love. He hesitated, and then spoke nearly as follows:—

"I have this morning received no-

tice that my brother is ill at Marino, and have obtained leave to attend him there:" and raising his speaking eyes, which sparkled with tenderness and expectation, fixed them on mine, and with animated gentleness, pausing frequently as he spoke, continued thus: "May I indulge the persuasion, that you will not view my departure with indifference, or banish from your thoughts every solicitude relative to my return?—Am I deceived, fairest creature, in believing that your lovely form is animated by a mind glowing with corresponding harmony and softness, accessible to the tender influence of love?—Behold me subdued by the force of a passion irresistible and unrivalled as your attractions, and alive to all those fears inseparable from the present moment, which must either inseparably unite us, or banish me from your presence for ever!—Express, I

conjure you, my adored Giovanna, the nature of those sentiments which appear to tremble on your lips, and tarnish the roses of your cheek:—one approving word will dissipate every apprehension: on your decision, my beloved, rests the happiness or misery of my existence."

It is impossible to pourtray precisely the nature of those sensations excited in my heart by this declaration of affection from Rimini, who had so often given life to the contending emotions of anxiety and delight, while the confusion of my thoughts rendered my answer scarcely intelligible; and I feared to raise my eyes from the ground, lest they should betray me; but Rimini rapturously advanced, and folded me in his arms with passionate expressions of love, which I received in silent joy—the remembrance of these delicious moments will console me in the

dreary paths of adversity and woe, and cheer me in the frozen vale of years.

Rimini was the younger brother of a noble family, with little inheritance except his sword; neither had the present Marquis di Rimini ever distinguished him by the smallest testimony of fraternal love. The Emperor Napoleon had, however, warmly patronized him, and in due time he expected the rank of field-marshal; at present he commanded a division in the first regiment of guards.—I reminded him that I was a peasant's daughter, without friends, and without connexions; that the harshness of my parents had driven me from them, and that Madame de St. Hilaire discovered me in a monastery, and took me under her protection as she travelled through Switzerland. Rimini remarked, that he had formerly visited the most mountainous parts of it, and remembered those of St. Ber-

nardine extremely well; that some painful circumstances were attached to the recollection, his eldest brother having disappeared there several years ago, either by a fall into the fissure of some rock, or by the attacks of banditti; and he frequently travelled without any attendants, and indulged his taste for romantic scenery, by making short residences among the mountains. While we were thus conversing, Angelica, surprised and impatient at my long absence, was forming a thousand conjectures; at length she dispatched her waiting woman for me, whose entrance into the library interrupted what Rimini was saying; I promised to follow her immediately, but the wood on the hearth was entirely consumed, and the time-piece on the chimney struck one, before we could prevail upon ourselves to say farewel. Rimini was to

quit Paris at day-break. Angelica smiled as I entered her apartment:—

"I hope, Giovanna," said she, "that Rimini is a favoured lover; I know he always admired you, and I am sure you will enjoy that happiness with him which I fear I must not expect with de Linois."

The expression of her countenance changed to sadness, and grief obscured her brilliant eyes. With a view of diverting her attention, I related to her part of my conversation with Rimini in the library, and we discoursed on our future plans without either of us feeling the smallest inclination to sleep. Day-light surprised us before we had concluded. I hastened to my apartment, and endeavoured to obtain a few hours repose.

CHAP. II.

Ah, que ne mal verrace
Ne vero ben si da
Prendono qualita
Da nostri affetti
Secondo in guerra, o in pace
Trovana il nostro cor,
Ambiano de color
Tutti gli oggetti.

I ROSE the following morning languid and unrefreshed; the recollection that Rimini was absent, that days and weeks would probably pass before I should behold his countenance, listen to the soft accents of his voice, be greeted by his tender smiles. These thoughts filled my eyes with tears, as I slowly and dejectedly proposed to dress myself and to attend madame, who I con-

cluded would be anxious to hear how her daughter had passed the night. I endeavoured to rouse my spirits with the retrospection of Rimini's conversation the preceding evening, the certainty of his affection, and the delightful recollection that I had been authorised by his declaration of affection to develop to him in some measure those emotions of tenderness which warmed my heart, and which I so often feared would have remained for ever unrevealed. I was interrupted in my meditations by the entrance of madame, who approached me with a letter in her hand, which she had that moment received from Madame de Liancourt, and which she requested I would answer, the purport of which was to inform her that M. de Liancourt had obtained the appointment of sub-intendant de Police, at Lisbon, under the Count de Novion, and having some

business to settle at Paris, previous to his departure, expected to see his friends there the beginning of the following week; that Madame de Liancourt was to remain in Provence a few weeks after her husband, and then follow him to Lisbon. I immediately answered the letter, and informed her of the pleasure we should feel in seeing M. de Liancourt at Paris, and in conclusion informed her of Angelica's approaching marriage, who was now sufficiently recovered from her late indisposition to join the company as usual. She was received and congratulated on her re-appearance with such earnest demonstrations of affection on the part of de Linois, as obliterated in an instant all traces of displeasure from her lovely countenance, and every emotion of resentment from her affectionate heart: he had been sincerely concerned at her indisposition, and

most likely conscious as to the cause, he therefore redoubled his assiduities with the success usually attendant on such occasions. When once the female heart is sincerely attached, nothing short of positive desertion will succeed in alienating it; and some instances have been found to prove that is not always efficacious. Angelica de St. Hilaire's marriage was to take place the second week in March, and the contract was to be signed in the course of ten days. The regiment in which de Linois served was ordered to hold itself in readiness for Italy, and the city of Naples was expected to be the place of their destination; and I yielded to Angelica's entreaties, that I would consent to accompany her thither, and in the interim I passed the evenings, like the morning, and the mid-day in thinking of Rimini; sometimes I followed him through the forest, which

my imagination painted as replete with dangers, and sometimes I beheld him in affectionate attendance at his brother's couch, soothing his illness and diminishing his suffering. Bitter must be the affliction and sharp the woes, which could not be appeased and vanquished by the presence of Rimini.

Those who have felt the torments of absence, will recollect how busy the imagination is in creating fears; and the impatience with which I expected his letters is not to be described: my heart beat with rapidity at the sound of every approaching footstep, and I started at each opening of the door. About a fortnight after his departure, I was sitting one evening with Pamela and Victoire, the latter reading aloud, when a servant entered and presented me a letter. It was from Rimini: I tore open the seal with trembling avidity, and read as follows:—

Marino, February 25th, 1809.

"The affectionate solicitude and endearing tenderness of your own heart, my beloved, will depict to you what my pen never can pourtray; an adequate idea of that tediousness and lassitude which has incessantly tormented me, since the moment in which I bade you farewel, and reluctantly commenced that journey, which has drawn the dreary veil of absence over us, and condemned me to the torments of privation and suspense.

"The evening was cold and gloomy when I entered the Forest of Marino, which I had not traversed since the year 1797: every object seemed changed, and additionally shaded by the melancholy which pervaded my soul. The hoarse waves of the Adriatic rolled with wintry swell at the foot of the rock on which the castle stands, and the trees were envelloped in a thick fog

which curled along the mountains, and swept across the road in damp dreary gusts. I was met by my brother's servant at the gate of the entrance, who held the bridle of the mule as I dismounted, and while my attendants were proceeding to the stable, he followed me into the house. We traversed the antichambers, which I expressed my surprise at finding dismantled, and without any appearance of having been recently inhabited.

"My master never sees a single creature,' replied my conductor, 'and has seldom stirred out since his favourite Squire Pescaro Rondinello left him, three years ago, or thereabouts, to serve in the emperor's army.'

"It was with mingled emotions of surprise and grief that I listened to this reply, and these sensations were increased to a very painful degree, when I entered my brother's apartment,

and beheld him without the least trace of former manly beauty, and at the prime of life resembling a decripit old man. I threw myself at his feet, and embraced him with all the tenderness of former days, and which he attempted to return; but his voice failed, and he sunk back in his chair exhausted and faint; recovering himself, however, he spoke as follows:—

"Francisco, you are come to witness a melancholy scene, but promise me, I conjure you, that you will not retire from this place till the last duties are rendered to your unhappy brother. I have much to say, but my strength fails me: to-morrow if I am in any degree renovated, we can converse together; at present retire, and repose yourself after the fatigues of your journey.'

"I summoned his attendant, and gladly retired to indulge my own me-

ditations on what I had observed since my arrival at Marino. There was something to me perfectly unaccountable in the whole business, and I began to suspect that my brother's senses were deranged; what else could possibly occasion the dismissal of his attendants, and residence amidst dismantled apartments and broken windows. He had inherited a splendid fortune by the death of my eldest brother; the world smiled upon him, and nature had added to these some of her choicest gifts; and though I had not seen him for several years, having been stationed with my regiment at a considerable distance, yet nothing had prepared me for these extraordinary proceedings. Wearied at length with these thoughts, I threw myself upon a couch, and endeavoured in vain to woo repose; but uneasy restless dreams harassed me, and indistinct images of woe. I therefore willingly

rose much before my usual hour on the following morning, and finding that all was quiet in my brother's apartment, descended to the antichamber. It was formerly decorated with family paintings, some of which were torn, and the canvass of others entirely removed from the entablature. I sought in vain for one which I remembered to have been painted by an eminent artist at Florence, whom my father had employed on the following occasion. My two brothers, when boys, were standing in the court of the castle looking at the huntsman feeding some dogs; the eldest, who afterwards perished prematurely in Switzerland, was ten years of age, the present marquis but six; one of the dogs suddenly flew at the infant, and would probably have torn him, but for the intrepidity of the other boy, who ran to his assistance, and seizing the animal by the throat, held him at arms

length, and with the other hand raised his brother from the ground. In that attitude they were represented by the artist. I called my brother's servant, and inquired after the picture. "Ah! signor," said he, shaking his head, "my master had it removed many years ago: I know not what they did with it; it was the first thing that he did on coming to the castle, to take possession of these lands on the death of his brother; and my old master, your father's picture, signor, was also removed, though God knows why."

"I quitted the antichamber, and entered the garden, and traversed the pleasure-grounds, where every object bespoke abandonment, and presented disorder to the eye. The gravel walks were covered with grass, and it appeared long since the rose and honeysuckle had bloomed there. The shrubs were risen to the height of forest trees,

and the ivy choaked the entrance, and covered the door of the pavilion in which my father was wont to entertain his friends. I looked in at one of the broken panes of glass, and beheld the stucco fallen from the wall, and lying in heaps on the floor. Jackdaws and rooks fluttered by me, and appeared to have taken possession of this once gay and festive retreat. I continued my walks, bending my steps towards the sea-side, and descending a winding path cut in the rock, reached the shore, and traced over in idea the paths of my childhood, which I had traversed with my brothers hand in hand. In this spot we gathered shells, and formed them into grottos, and enclosed the small fry which we caught in the shallows, and presently released, panting and struggling, into the sea again. It was under that rock we fixed the light skiff which wafted us

over the summer tide; and there we con'd our morning tasks, often raising our eyes to the distant sail, or fluttering sea-bird, as she dipped her white wing in the azure wave. A thousand tender recollections, connected with the scenery before me, arose in my mind, as I continued my walk. My eldest brother was no more, and the hand of death seemed suspended over the other, about to dissolve those ties which nature has formed for our mutual solace and consolation; alas! for the most part, how little understood, how carelessly kept, how heedlessly thrown aside!

"I was preparing to return to the castle, when I was met by my brother's attendant, who informed me that his master was awake, and had inquired for me. I hastily walked on, and entering his apartment, found his health much better than on the preceding

evening, but he did not seem desirous of entering into any particular conversation; and unwilling to ask for any explanation, which he did not seem disposed to give, I mentioned to him my own plans, and my attachment to you, my dearest Giovanna, together with our approaching marriage; but my brother, who did not appear much interested by my discourse, reclined to sleep, while I retired to converse with the treasure of my soul, the object of my tenderest affection, who is never absent from my thoughts. You perceive, my dear Giovanna, that I cannot yet fix a time for my return: as long as my presence is necessary for my brother's consolation, I know your excellent heart will dispense with it.

"Francisco Paul Rimini."

I read over Rimini's letter a thousand times, and passed part of the night

and almost the whole of the following day in answering it, and tore a dozen sheets of paper before I had finished one to my satisfaction: sometimes I had not expressed myself with sufficient tenderness; then again I had expressed too much; and at last, when the letter was actually sealed, and sent off, I wished it was not gone, and thought I had still left something unsaid. The time now moved on with heavy wing, and anxiety for an answer made me watch the moments as they passed, and rejoice at the close of day which brought me nearer to the object of my wishes.

The hotel was now crowded by a constant succession of company, and a round of amusements marked each succeeding hour. The evenings were devoted to cards, dancing, and music; and the mornings were employed in consultations with the milliner, and dis-

cussions with the jeweller. De St. Hilaire displayed his magnificence in the splendour of those ornaments which were selected for his daughter on her approaching nuptials: diamond necklaces, ear-rings, crosses, &c. came in without end for her approbation; and Angelica one morning entered my apartment with a jewel box in her hand, and requested my advice as to what she should approve. It contained topazes, rubies, brilliants, and gold chains, of exquisite workmanship: each thread as fine as a hair was wreathed to the thickness of the little finger, and hollow within.

"Choose for me, Giovanna," said she, "a necklace to wear on my marriage-day; let it be the most beautiful in the world."

I took up several, and at last fixed upon one which I thought would suit her complexion admirably well: it

consisted of circles of small diamonds, enclosing a star or a cross of brilliants, with a large ruby in the centre. "Before I determine, let me look at it on your neck, Giovanna." I complied, and approaching a mirror, we stood for some moments admiring it. Angelica smiled, as I proposed to unclasp it. "Keep it for my sake, dearest Giovanna; and let what will happen, promise me never to part with this pledge of my affection."

I embraced her with tenderness, and without hesitation accepted the necklace, because I knew that my doing so would give her pleasure. "But tell me," continued she, "when you heard from Rimini, and what is he doing at Marino. I protest I am ashamed to think that I have never once inquired after him since he left us, but you know how completely I have been occupied."

I was beginning to talk about Rimini, and his brother's illness, when Angelica's servant came to tell me that La René, the milliner, was come, and away she hurried to look at the dresses which had been brought for her for this purpose; and I continued reading Rimini's letter, and meditating upon the contents, and the dinner-bell rang before I had made any alteration in my dress. Hastily changing my gown, and braiding my hair with a careless hand, and indifferent who I should find there, I entered the saloon after the company were seated, and de St. Hilaire making room for me near him, smiled as he drew my attention to de Verneuil, who sat on the opposite side of the table, and whom I did not know to be in Paris. I made my compliments to him with as much cordiality as I really felt, and was pleased to see that a very beautiful girl who sat next to

him seemed to engage his attention, and I felt rejoiced that he had distinguished one who seemed so worthy of exciting his admiration. Mademoiselle de Moreau was distantly related to the general of that name, who commanded a division in the army against England. Her father was intendant de police at Rouen: she was about seventeen, tall, and finely formed, with dark hair and eyes; her hands and arms remarkably beautiful, and these were exposed to observation with a vanity very excusable in a girl of her age. She was an only child; her father a man of considerable property, and was therefore viewed with interest and assiduity by every man who frequented her society, and whose attentions were not otherwise directed.

The conversation was for some time carried on between her and de Verneuil with considerable vivacity; but

I was sorry to observe that it soon became languid on his side, and his eyes were frequently turned towards me. As soon as we rose from table, I retired to my apartment, and did not join them till the party were assembled in the evening. On entering I saw de Verneuil standing at some distance from the company with a dish of coffee in his hand: he approached the table, and set it down, and then seated himself on an ottoman, against the cushion of which I was leaning. He seemed unwilling to begin a conversation. A continued silence becomes embarrassing, and I therefore expressed my admiration of Mademoiselle de Moreau. "She is certainly beautiful," replied he, "as far as beauty can subsist, independent of elegance or refinement of mind; but, in my opinion, features and brilliancy of complexion fade, and become insipid, when unin-

spired by them, and mere outside beauty possesses so few attractions for me, that I should not have distinguished that of Mademoiselle de Moreau; but it is impossible to sit by a person of her description without being forced into attentions, which she imagines are voluntary offerings to her charms.

"You are too severe in your censures,' replied I, 'and particularly so when her youth is considered, and the extent of the admiration which she meets with.' 'Ah! Giovanna,' whispered he, 'why do your perfections so cruelly condemn me never to view the individuals of your sex, how beautiful soever, without drawing unfavourable comparisons? Tell me,' continued he, 'whether your heart still continues inexorable to my ardent wishes, my tender devotedness; and must I seek in eternal absence an alleviation of my woes? 'Forbear, de Verneuil,' said

I, 'to treat that passion as insurmountable, which will always yield to the determined efforts of reason, and continued endeavours of perseverance: cease to think of me with distinction: I can never be your's, and do not, I beseech you, give me the anguish of thinking that I have destroyed your peace of mind, or interfered to obtruct those plans of happiness which you may so reasonably expect to share with some other woman.'

"Giovanna,' said he, with fervour, 'that never can be the case, and if you persist in your cruel rejection of my vows, I will fly the society of your sex for ever. You alone are worthy the adoration of my heart, and even in defiance of myself, your's it will remain for ever.' 'I have a better opinion of your understanding, de Verneuil, than to believe that you will persist in so absurd a resolution, but at

all events let the present subject of conversation cease for ever: it can answer no purpose whatever, but to afflict me, and confirm you in that passion which I conjure you to dismiss from your thoughts, as it cannot meet with any return."

I arose, and approaching de Linois, entered into conversation with him respecting our intended journey into Italy. He was profuse in his compliments, and expressed the pleasure which he also should derive from my society there. Angelica almost immediately joined us, and invited him to join those who were dancing reels: as I had no inclination to dance, and was apprehensive that de Verneuil would again address himself to me, I seated myself by madame at the card table, and continued apparently looking at the game, till supper was announced.

CHAP. III.

Our youngest sister, that speranza hight,
Was clad in blue, that her beseemed well,
Not all so cheerful seemed she of sight
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish in her heart is hard to tell.
Upon her arm a silver anchor lay.
Whereon she leaned ever as befell,
And ever up to heaven as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

SPENCER.

ANGELICA de St. Hilaire beheld with emotions of modest joy and tenderness the day approach which was to fix her destiny, and unite her's with that of de Linois's for ever. We frequently, in the interim, walked early in the morning in the Thuilleries: without any interruption she unfolded to me her plans of future felicity, and traced with rap-

ture scenes of domestic bliss. I endeavoured to arm her mind against the pains of disappointment, by representing to her life in its true colours, and reminding her how frequently we are called upon to tread rugged and uneven paths, and how suddenly the glowing landscape which hope has painted becomes obscured by the clouds of adversity.

"That can never be the case with me, Giovanna," replied she: "blest with the affection of de Linois, united to him by everlasting ties, what shades can obscure my destiny, what thorns can obstruct my path? His beloved presence will create around me an eternal spring, and the clouds of adversity will retire from my view, encouraged by his tenderness, supported by his arm."

"Remember, my Angelica, that the dream of love usually vanishes when

the untoward incidents of life appear; and if we raise our expectation of happiness too high, we inevitably experience, sooner or later, the futility of our hopes. The mind sinks into a gloomy despondency, in proportion to the ardor of its wishes, and we become incapable of enjoying those calm, rational satisfactions which may yet attend our lot; neither is a constant state of rapture and exhilaration of spirit possible, or suitable to us; for, as the eye becomes fatigued by vivid colours and gaudy sunshine, and rests delighted on the mossy turf, so the human mind, retiring from the turbulence of the passions, seeks repose in the sober regions of reason and rational satisfaction."

"Well, Giovanna, I shall not dispute the matter with you: at present I am the happiest creature in the world, and I am sure I shall always remain so. How can it be otherwise? We

have riches in abundance, friends every where. You will be with me, and de Linois will be my husband: let us, at any rate, enjoy the present to the utmost, and not trouble ourselves about the future. As soon as we reach Naples, we shall visit the places worth seeing. I protest I long to climb Mount Vesuvius, and shall be tempted to see what is doing every where. I suppose Rimini will soon join us there. —Ah! Giovanna, your eyes sparkle, and a smile plays round your lip. Does not your own heart now suggest to you scenes of unfading pleasure?"

My thoughts were indeed busy like her own, and Rimini's name had conjured up a fairy scene of joy: Occupied by our own reflections, we returned silently to the hotel. A few days afterwards the Moniteur gave us intelligence that dispatches had arrived from Italy, and I passed the whole of

the following day in anxious expectation of letters, but in vain: no one brought me tidings of Rimini. I eagerly inquired as to the time of delivering the private letters; and de Vernenil, who gazed at me with attention and anxiety, instantly went in search of any which might have been left for me at the public office; however, he soon afterwards returned without success:—he was to leave Paris, and return to Fontainbleau on the following day; and I was preparing to retire for the night, when he approached and requested, in a low tone of voice, that I would allow him a few moments conversation in the morning. I requested, perhaps somewhat impatiently, to know what he intended to communicate; but any trifling irritability of temper on my side instantly vanished, when I saw the despondency which marked each feature of his countenance.

"You have nothing to apprehend," continued he, "or any importunity to guard against, and do not, Giovanna, refuse me the consolation of expressing to you, for the last time, the ardor of an attachment which I feel it impossible to conquer."

"De Verneuil, I will grant your request," replied I, "provided it is for the last time; but I cannot help thinking it highly unnecessary, thus to expose me as well as yourself to unavailing concern and regret." He pressed my hand in silence, while I consented to meet him at ten o'clock on the following morning.

A peculiar degree of tender seriousness and soft solicitude had always distinguished the character and manners of de Verneuil, which rendered him highly interesting to persons possessed of sensibility. These natural traits of disposition were considerably

heightened on the present occasion; and deeply attached to his amiable qualities, and afflicted at the determined perseverance with which he pursued his unsuccessful suit, I met him with deep concern and reluctance.

"Forgive me, beautiful Giovanna," said he, advancing with emotion to meet me; "your expressive countenance and averted looks tell me that I have done wrong in soliciting an interview, which I see gives rise to unpleasant sensations in your lovely bosom; but on the eve of quitting you for ever, I could not deny myself the satisfaction of expressing my ardent wishes for your happiness.... too plainly do I perceive that some fortunate rival engages your thoughts; and oh! may you experience with him every blessing, and never know the anguish of an unrequited attachment!"

"My dear de Verneuil," cried I, "for-

bear to afflict me thus; and oh! that any sacrifice I could make would restore that happiness you so much deserve; you would see how gladly, how willingly I would yield any thing short of relinquishing the attachment I shall always feel for....," and the name of Rimini, half-pronounced, died on my lips, and I remained silent, while tears of dejection, occasioned by Rimini's silence, and embarrassment arising from de Verneuil's persevering affection, fell from my eyes. "Giovanna," said he, kneeling at my feet, "dry those tears; you shall at least find me worthy of your affection: I swear never again to intrude my unfortunate predilection in your ear; from this moment I desist from all farther importunity, and if ever the unforeseen events of life should place you in a situation to require a protector and friend, confide in my professions: in

me you shall find the sacred affection of a brother..... What are your plans," continued he; "how can I serve you? I formerly knew the Marquis di Rimini extremely well; but his opinions and habits were so opposite to my own, that our intimacy soon vanished: his brother, on the contrary, merits every distinction; and, as the chosen of your heart, how enviable, how blessed, beyond the lot of mortals, is his fate."

I thanked him, but declined his offers of service, and intimated my approaching departure for Italy.

"I sincerely hope," said he, "that you will receive every attention from de Lizois; but he is an unsteady character, and acts so much from caprice, that it is impossible to guess how long he will continue in the same disposition towards any of his friends: but allow me to remind you of my mother; if at any time you wish to quit the family

of the St. Hilaire's, I can answer for the kindness with which she will receive you, and for the security of the asylum her house will afford:" and we parted with sentiments of love half-suppressed on his side, and on mine, the sincerest assurances of friendship and regard.

About a week before the time fixed for Angelica de St. Hilaire's marriage, M. de Liancourt arrived at Paris, to settle some business previous to his departure for Lisbon; and we received him with every mark of respect and attention due to the husband of our friend. He was a tall, good-looking man, sensible and well informed, and had received an education suitable to his situation in life, which before the Revolution was in the mercantile department. He spoke several languages with great fluency, and understood the system of finance. His wife was dis-

tantly related to General Soult, who formerly commanded the first division of the army against England; and through his patronage M. de Liancourt had procured the appointment in Lisbon, which at present occupied his attention. He put into my hand a long and affectionate letter from madame; but it contained nothing of any interest, except that my friend Etienne was gone to sea with Admiral de Rohan. The evening after his arrival he accompanied us to the Theatre Francois, and a celebrated actress was to appear in one of Voltaire's favourite tragedies; and as it was the last time of Angelica's appearing in public, she prevailed upon me to accompany them. We entered at the conclusion of the first act, and my attention was soon wholly rivetted, and every feeling of my soul absorbed by the sorrows of the Princess Zaïre; and the vivid ima-

gination of the poet was so admirably seized and expressed by the inimitable Madame de Chatelet, that every eye in the theatre gave testimony of her excellence, and did homage to the transcendent merits of the immortal Voltaire.

Lowering was the morning, and cloudy the sky which ushered in Angelica's marriage-day: we were to leave Paris immediately after the nuptial ceremony, and proceed to Italy. I shuddered as I opened the window-shutters, and saw the sleet and snow driven along in dreary blasts: the thought of beginning a long journey in such dismal weather was sufficiently irksome, but every feeling of reluctance was redoubled, by the consideration that I must leave Paris without having received another letter from Rimini, and trust to the punctuality of my friends, or attention of the servants,

in forwarding any which might arrive. I prepared myself, however, to attend the ceremony, which was to be celebrated at the hotel, by the Prélat de Notre Dame; and having previously arranged all my letters, and secured that which I had received from Rimini in the folds of my travelling dress, and braiding my hair carefully, prepared it for my furred cap, which I carried in my hand, and placed with my mantle in the antichamber, impatiently waiting for the entrance of one of the servants, to whom I wished to repeat my directions about any letters which might come after my departure. I had not stood there above a few minutes, when La Souche, de St. Hilaire's servant, entered, and bowing to the ground, requested to receive my orders. I had always viewed this man with prejudice, which was much increased since the time in which he put

his master's letter into my hand, at Albinga; and suspicious as to his intentions on the present occasion, I turned away, declining his interference, and was obliged to enter the apartment where my friends were assembled, without having been able to give any further directions about my letters. I found the company consisted of a numerous circle of relations and friends; and Madame almost immediately entered, followed by Angelica, who approached with slow and timid steps: she looked paler than usual, and her eyes were fixed to the ground. Her father, gently taking her hand, led her to the centre of the room, and de Linois advancing with graceful alacrity, placed himself by her side. We formed a circle round them, and the prelate pronounced the nuptial benediction; after which she received the embraces and congratula-

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tions of every one present. Madame seemed to view the ceremony with a degree of melancholy composure, and shed tears as she folded her daughter with ardour in her maternal arms. Pamela and Victoire wept abundantly at the thoughts of losing their sister; while I silently breathed prayers and wishes for the happiness of my dear Angelica. The company afterwards seated themselves, to partake of a magnificent collation; but little hilarity prevailed on either side. The guests in general seemed to unite with the individuals of her own family in regretting her departure, and the circumstance of her removal to an immense distance from them: de St. Hilaire, however, endeavoured to rally the spirits of his friends: he told us he expected shortly to visit Italy on some military business. Angelica smiled, and timidity and em-

barrassment, which had hitherto kept her silent, gave way for a moment, as she warmly expressed the joy which her father's presence at Naples would afford her. De Linois, after having seconded his bride in these filial and affectionate wishes, intimated the necessity of their departure, as the day was wearing apace. Her mother and sisters bade her adieu, with expressions of tenderness which grief rendered inarticulate: her friends united in wishing her every felicity. Her father supported her to the carriage, which stood waiting at the gate, and after handing me in, retreated, to make way for de Linois, who joyously jumping in, bade the postillions go on; and they drove us furiously through the streets of Paris.

Finche con Zeffiro soave
Tien del mar lira placata
Ogni nave è fortunata
E felicè ogni nocchier,

E ben prova de corraggio
Encontrar l'onde funesta
Navigar fra le tempeste
E non perdere il sentier.

METASTASIO.

CHAP. IV.

"Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride,
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene."

As we entered the Province of Burgundy, and travelled to the southward, though the mornings and evenings were still cold, yet soft breezes and gentle showers announced the approach of spring; extensive fields of young corn displayed a vivid green, and each slender blade was hung with glittering dew-drops. The vineyards along the side of the road, spread in arches of fragrant verdure, extended almost as

far as the eye could reach: here and there we discovered spots of pasture ground, and a few young lambs just dropped, reposing by the side of their dams, sheltered their tender limbs in the mothers' warm fleece. The sportive heifer ran round in giddy maze, and the foal, too small to crop the grass, stood by the old one's side, gazing at us as we passed.

"Zefiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena,
I fiori e l'erbe, sua dolce famiglia
E garrir Progne e pianger filomena,
E primavera candida e vermiglia."

The inundation of a small brook, the name of which I have forgot, obliged us to go round a considerable way; therefore we entered the Town of Dion late at night, but as we left it early on the following morning, saw little or nothing, except those streets leading to and from the hotel. After tra-

velling the whole of the two following days without observing any thing worth relating, we arrived within a few miles of Suza, which is one of the principal passes out of France into Italy, and found ourselves surrounded by mountains rising in endless succession to the skies. The eagle and the vulture rose screaming from the rocks, and the shamoy often crossed the road, which wound along the declivity of the hills, whose rugged sides soon obliged us to forsake the carriage and pursue the way on foot; but in a short time we found ourselves completely bewildered, and at a loss which way to turn. De Linois hollowed to the attendants, whom he had ordered to wait for us at the first turn to the right, but without effect, and the echo of his own voice was the only answer he received, while all appeared gloomy and desolate. The cold evening breeze

swept by in chilly blasts, and we shuddered as we drew our mantles across our bosoms at the thoughts of remaining all night shivering among the mountains. We proceeded slowly along, often anxiously listening in hopes of hearing the echo of footsteps or baying of dogs, but in vain: we had not, however, walked far, when we descryed two men descending from the heights into the path we trod: they were shamoy hunters, and gladly undertook for a trifling recompence to conduct us to Suza; and at our entrance into the town we were overtaken by our servants, and dismissing our conductors with double the promised reward, proceeded to an hotel, where we found a cheerful fire blazing on the hearth; and having talked over the occurrences of the day, retired to repose. After crossing the Alps, and travelling without intermission the two

following days, we reached the city of Genoa, from whence we were to embark for Naples.

This city affords a melancholy display of those ravages attendant upon war, both in 1801 and subsequent to that period; several public buildings and private houses are seen in ruins, to the right and left: the magnificent Aqueduct also has been considerably damaged; however, it continues to distribute water to most parts of the town; and in the harbour, which is very considerable, they have extended a mole into the middle of the sea, to secure the ships, and break the fury of the waves; and at the furthest extremity of which rises a tower, from whence the mariner's beacon darts its steady beams athwart the tempestuous midnight gloom, and guides the weather-beaten sailor safe into port again. We ascended this building,

and my head grew giddy as I viewed the vast expanse of water below. I started back, and turning towards the city, which stands to the left, saw its churches and public buildings rising in gay succession, and intermingling with the fertile lands in the immediate vicinity of the town, backed by stupendous mountains, for the most part barren, and without any traces of verdure whatever; forming on the whole a grand and impressive scene.

Our stay at Genoa, which did not exceed three days, was too short to furnish much worth relating. The females were dressed in black, and their heads wrapped in a veil or hood of the same colour: they usually ejaculated an ave-maria as we passed, expressive of salutation and benediction. The streets appeared thronged with Ribaldi, some exhibiting them-

selves as fortune-tellers and jugglers, while others exposed to view various pieces of merchandize, to attract the curiosity of strangers. These were for the most part monks, who formerly inhabited the neighbouring monasteries, which had been converted into hospitals for the sick, and barracks for the soldiers; and themselves turned adrift again to prey upon the credulity of mankind. We visited a building once the Convent of Santa Loretto, and found that the refectory was full of horses; and the nun's parlour converted into a guard-room.

It was with complacency that we beheld these abodes of superstition thus metamorphosed: and oh! may the powerful arm of the conqueror crumble this fiend's palace to the ground, and overwhelm her in the ruins thereof!

An huge great beast* it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh fill'd all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength:
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Born of the brooding of Echidna base,
Or other like infernal furies kind:
For of a maid she had the outward face
To hide the horror which did lurk behind,
The better to beguile whom she so fond did find.

SPENCER.

On the 20th of March we embarked on board La Tonnant frigate, commanded by M. de Regnier, and a favourable wind filling our sails, drove us rapidly from the harbour of Genoa. The motion of the waves, the scent of the tar, annoyed me so much, that I was for several hours unable to move or to attend to and become acquainted with another family on board, consisting of a gentleman and lady, who, with their daughter, were returning from Genoa to Naples.

Signor Rossano was near forty years

* Superstition.

of age, tall, and good looking; his manners gentlemanly, and his mind much more so than is usually the case with the natives of Italy. Possessed of an excellent understanding, his reading had been rather select than extensive; and he had early seen how requisite it is to store the mind with useful images, and improve the judgment by reflection, in order to become an entertaining companion, or a judicious friend. He was both these in the fullest extent, and as such had been received with distinction in those different countries which he had traversed; and having succeeded in realizing a considerable fortune by the exchange of merchandize, while his wealthy family had warmly seconded the Emperor Napoleon's views in Italy, he was permitted, on his return, peaceably to enjoy the fruits of his labours in a handsome house and splendid esta-

blishment at Portici, near Naples. He had formerly been in England, and his only child, a daughter, was born there, as her name Inglesia implies: she was a fine sensible well behaved girl, about fifteen, not remarkable for the beauty of her form as much as she was distinguished by the softness and gentleness of her demeanor: she idolized her father, and dwelt with delight on each word he uttered.

Signora Rossano was about thirty-five years of age: her face extremely beautiful, but her manners and conversation were devoid of every attraction, and indicated disposition in direct opposition to the softness of her features and harmony of her song. Nature appeared to have bestowed all her care in giving the last exquisite finish to those charms of feature and of voice, which I never knew surpassed, leaving her character rough-

ly sketched, and coarsely blended, the original qualities of her mind possibly too uncouth and wayward to admit of polish or improvement. In Italy, where the accents of harmony arise, wherever the human voice is heard, her tones enchained the ear, and detained the senses captive. "Oh! it came over the soul like the sweet south breathing o'er a bed of violets;" and while her strains lingered in the ear, they would have restored peace to the bosom of a parricide, and banished the demon of remorse and woe; and when she sung the torments of absence, and described in melting accents the joys attending a lover's return, delicious tears bathed my eyes, while the voice of Rimini seemed to echo her song, presenting to my view that rapturous moment in which we should meet to part no more.

Whatever object gives rise to joyous sensations, is anxiously sought as a

powerful auxiliary in our search after happiness; I therefore eagerly endeavoured to recommend myself to Signora Rossano's friendship, and assiduously courted her regard. I long sought to discover in her disposition those corresponding traits of delicacy and sensibility which her song so powerfully expressed, but in vain; all her excellencies seemed to vanish the moment she ceased to sing, the moment she veiled her face; and nothing but the most trifling observations on coarse sentiments, uttered in common-place language, succeeded those strains of divine harmony, and melting tones of tenderness, which distinguish the voice of love; those captivating smiles and brilliant glances which pourtray its image.

When the moon, rising in an unclouded sky, threw her radiance over the rippling waves, phosphoric lights

dimly seen blanched the sides of the vessel as she glided along. The seamen retiring, left the steersman alone at the helm, while the soft tranquillity of the scene diffused a delicious calm over the senses; the attentive ear could scarcely distinguish the distant swell of the ocean. Her melodious voice broke the silence which surrounded us; and when the last notes of her song, borne away by the breeze, mingled with the murmur of retiring waves, Signor Rossano mentioned the navigations which he had at different times made, and contrasted the turbulent seas of Norway with the soft transparent Mediterranean wave.

"Some years ago," continued he, "I was on board a merchantman, in company with several others, returning from Denmark to Norway. We were overtaken by a tremendous gale, and many days passed before we could

make an observation. When the weather cleared, we found ourselves in eighty degrees of north latitude, with the Gulph of Maelstrom to leeward. We crowded sail, and stood to windward; but soon after some of our fleet made signals of distress, and called aloud for that assistance which it was impossible for us to give. The circling eddies of the Maelstrom, considerably extended by the late gale, was drawing them with resistless impetuosity and thundering violence into its dreadful abyss; and as our swelling canvass conveyed us swiftly out of danger, the shrieks of the sufferers, mingling with the blast, rendered us for a time insensible to joy, and we continued our voyage with sensations of melancholy, mixed with grateful satisfaction at our providential escape from death. It must, however, be remarked," continued Signor Rossano,

"that the mariner's life, though subject to so many perils, is yet exempt from a variety of evils of a less supportable nature, which too frequently harass those on shore; and as the human mind seems formed either to struggle with adversity, or to sink into listlessness and ennui, that mode of life is surely to be preferred which presents a constant stimulus to activity in a succession of hopes and fears. If the tempest drives them from harbour, it also excites their exertions, and increases their desire of arriving there; and when at length the sky becomes clear, and the winds are hushed, they hail with redoubled pleasure each well-known object, and behold with rapture the cottage roof, the village spire, and paternal fields ripe with approaching harvest."

"Disperato in mar turbato
Sotto ciel Funesto e nero

Pur tal volta il passeggiero
Il suo porto retrovo."
E venuti i di filici
Va per gioco in su l'arena
Disegnando ai cari amici
I perigli che passo.

It was early in the morning of a delightful April day that we entered the Bay of Naples, and soon afterwards anchored near Castel Nuovo; a soft purple tint resting on every object, rendered indiscribably distinct by the vivid brightness of an Italian sky; and it was long before the eye, which wandered with rapture over the surrounding scenery, could find leisure to rest upon particular objects, or detach itself from the magnificent assemblage of those charms which the inexhaustible hand of nature has lavished on the blooming shores of Italy. Before us stood the city of Naples: its spires and white buildings extending

along the coast, and climbing the heights, intermixed with groves of vivid green; beyond which the blunted top and reclining form of a mountain indicates the sublime Vesuvius, at the foot of which we observed the buildings of Portici rising from among vineyards and orange-trees, reflected by the blue waves. Further on, in the same direction, are seen the Islands of Ischia and Procida; where the eye distinguishes villages resting on the craggy rocks, while trees of every shade and form encircle the base, and intermingle their foliage with the rugged cliffs. To the right we saw the Island of Capri, a rocky mountain standing in the open sea; but we were too distant to discover any thing but its form.

As we approached the landing-place at the city of Naples, our attention was agreeably detained by groups of beau-

tiful females, some of whom were distributing baskets of oranges on board the felucas which lay alongside, while others stood industriously collecting them in heaps on the shore. Their long dark hair, braided in tresses, was in part folded up under their pointed black head-dresses, while the remainder hung loose on their shoulders, reaching below the waist. The short coloured cloth petticoat, and open jacket, displayed the symmetry of their forms, which altogether afforded a charming specimen of that beauty which so eminently distinguishes the Italian girls. The matrons stood by with the distaff at their side, passing the fine silken thread through their sun-burnt fingers, while they watched their children bathing sportively in the warm tide. The men, a handsome swarthy race, with bare heads, and open breasted coats, with listless indifference rested

on their oars, while others indolently dragged the light net and small fish ashore.

De Linois fixed his residence at the south-east extremity of the city, not far from the road leading to Norcera. Alta Villa, for so it was called, consisted of several apartments well furnished; the roof was flat, and surrounded by a balcony; the windows opened into a garden of considerable extent; the geranium and myrtle were formed into hedges, secured on the outside by rows of prickly pear, and the impenetrable leaves of the aloe tree. Fruits of every kernel, and flowers of every perfume bloomed there, and parterres of hyacinths and ranunculas were separated by rows of the narrow-leaved myrtle. Streams of water gently rippling over heaps of rough pebbles, placed there for that purpose, refreshed

the eye, gratified the ear, and uniting at the extremity of the garden, flowed through a grove of young orange trees, and falling down a steep, disappeared among the rocks. A winding path led through the wood to a pavilion which commanded a distinct view of the *mountain's* ever varying surface, where the rolling smoke, and light clouds, tinged with the colours of the rainbow, sometimes rested majestically on its bosom; at others, rose in grotesque forms, or extended in magic scenery along the vallies beneath. The roof and walls of the pavilion were painted in fresco, so as to resemble rock work; and here and there mosses and wild flowers seemed to hang from the crevices of the stone. Honeysuckles and jessamines twined in profusion over the lattice-work of the windows, and small pebbles of different

colours, fixed in cement, formed the floor; and the seats and tables were of cork-tree.

In this retreat I placed my books, arranged my drawing implements, and tuned the strings of my harp: here I loved to linger, and watch departing twilight, listening to the sound of the water-fall, and fanned by the evening breeze: here I retraced, undisturbed, every past scene connected with Rimini, and renewed my assurances of love to him, whose image was never one moment absent from my thoughts; and while I repeatedly read over his last letter, and sighed at its distant date, my thoughts still darting forward, suggested to me scenes of felicity, forgetting how seldom the future makes us amends for the deficiencies of the past.

CHAP. V.

"All-conquering heat! Oh, intermit thy wrath,
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce: incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds;
Pour'd on the head profuse, in vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night—
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach."

The attentive hospitality of our friends, Signor and Signora Rossino, withdrew us for a time from Naples to Portici, and accompanied by them we prepared to visit those places most worthy of notice in the neighbourhood. The mountain of Vesuvius appeared to claim precedence; and as the weather was intensely hot, we purposed visiting it by torch-light. We left Portici at sun-set, and the first part of

the road lay among high trees, and the myrtle brush-wood was thickly scattered around; an infinite number of fire flies, rising from the shrubs which skirted the road, glittered in all directions, spangled our garments, and rested for an instant on the head and neck of the mules as we passed. The natives had tuned their mandolines and guitars; some sat enjoying the cool of the evening at the entrance of their houses, while others danced the bolero and fandango with vivacity and glee. The sounds of festivity, and the display of fertility gradually retreated as we advanced: the way grew rugged, the scenery wild and savage, and no sound was heard, except the muttering of the mountain, and the crash of falling lava: within about a league of the summit we reached a hermitage, seated at the side of a rock, from whence we beheld gulphs and precipices on all

sides: the light of the moon resting upon the projecting masses of lava, and the shadows falling into the recesses, increased their natural gloom, giving them an appearance of unfathomable profundity: danger and desolation surrounded us, as we seated ourselves on a stone bench at the door of the hermitage.

We continued our march over the crumbling lava, which retreated under our footsteps; and it was impossible to rest on the pointed dross and sharp craggs. Exhausted and breathless we reached a huge rock, within half a mile of the crater, which the volcanic fire had formerly flung from its center; and here we sat, or rather threw ourselves down to take breath. The silence of the night was undisturbed except by low rumbling noises, apparently issuing from the interior of the mountain, which had been perfect-

ly quiet for several preceding days. After having rested about half an hour, we observed a yellow smoke issue from the summit, and we saw small flames occasionally tremble amid the rising smoke: the moon suddenly became obscure; the wind rising began to drive the thick vapour towards us, and the torches gleamed a dull unsteady light. The low murmuring sound, like distant thunder, swelled into bursts of explosion, sufficient to strike terror into the stoutest breast. We descended the trembling craggy heights with much greater celerity than we ascended, and in a few moments reached the door of the hermitage, and turning towards the volcano, discerned the flames rising, and stones and ashes discharged into the sea.

The hermit, formerly a Pádre Abáte, set before his guests bread and wine,

entertaining us with an account of the dangers he had escaped during his long residence in this alarming situation. His habitation was merely a shed, barely sufficient to shelter him from the fervour of the heat and fall of the ashes. A variety of trifling gifts, presented by travellers who had experienced his hospitality, were displayed without ostentation, and we had the pleasure of adding to the number. Angelica detached a gold chain from her neck, and requested he would keep it as a pledge of regard, and I gave him a rosary of amber beads, given me during my residence in the monastery of St. Zuric. We bade adieu to our friendly host at the rising of the sun, and returned to Portici, through vineyards and orange groves. The beauty of the scenery, and exhilirating freshness of the morning air, recompensed

us abundantly for our fatigue and alarms during the preceding night.

Though most of the curiosities had been removed to Paris, from the Museum at Portici, yet we viewed with pleasure some fragments dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompéia: some figures of nymphs and satyrs were found framed, and drawn in a charming manner, unlike the paintings on the walls, which are for the most part indifferently imagined and worse executed. The utensils of the kitchen appear to have been of copper and brass; and we saw panes of a very thick glass, which were taken out of a window at Pompéia. Several female ornaments, of a grotesque, unaccountable shape, lay scattered here and there; and we remarked the impression of a female form, nearly entire, in stone, lying in a recumbent posture, adorned with bracelets: the

overwhelming lava had surprised her in this position, and the ashes consolidated into stone, retained the impression. A small glass phial was shewn, which had been found in a sepulchre, hermetically sealed, and we were informed that a light was burning in it, which instantly vanished as the air entered. After having remained in the museum an hour or two, we attempted to walk along the coast; but the want of shade obliged us almost immediately to retire, and seek shelter from the intense heat of the sun, which darted horizontally over our heads: we therefore returned to the house, and passed the remainder of the day, either reading in a desultory manner, or turning over the leaves of our music books, occasionally playing a few tunes on the harp or guitar, and often casting our eyes towards the west, anxiously watching the progress of the

sun, in expectation of beholding its fiery beams quenched in the ocean, and yielding to the refreshing evening breeze, allow us to wander at pleasure in the fragrant woods leading to Casinola. We accordingly set out, arm in arm, sometimes pausing to gather the wild myrtle and scarlet fuscia, which hung in graceful wreaths along the side of the path. Fields of the sweet pea just beginning to blossom extended before us, and the breeze lightly sweeping over their surface, diffused their fragrance around. On the following morning at sun-rise we embarked on board a feluca, for the purpose of visiting the island of Capri: a favourable breeze conveyed us swiftly over the curling waves, and in less than two hours we landed on its rocky shore. After ascending with difficulty a winding path cut in the craggy steep, we traced

each spot which history points out as the abode of the Emperor Tiberius, and rested in a round building on the eastern side, supposed formerly to have been a temple, columns of which are yet standing in defiance to the obliterating hand of time: it is seated in the cleft of a rock, overhanging the restless ocean, which ever toiling swells below, and commanding a view of the whole bay of Naples. The hills of Massa are seen majestically rising to the left, beyond the bays of Gaeta and Salerno, backed by the lofty mountains of the Apennines. We followed narrow paths leading through small fields, and blooming trees; and festoons of a beautiful white flower, with purple stripes, which sometimes obstructed our way, hung in wreaths from the trunk of the dusky olive tree. Assisted by our guide we reached the south east part of the island, and beheld immense

caverns and grottos hewn in the rock; and descending to the beach, through a cavity formed by the arching craggs, beheld the blue ocean in boundless expanse to the left, and to the right projecting rocks overhanging each other in wild confusion: we selected some pieces of white marble and coral, beautifully polished by the waves; but our progress was soon impeded by stupendous cliffs advancing into the sea; and the heat of the sun driving us back into the interior of the island, we followed the windings of a stream which issued from the mountains, and observed at a short distance from us a cavity formed in the rock, overhung with ivy, festoons of which shaded the entrance and quivered in the breeze. In this cool retreat we paused, and our attendants producing some refreshments, we made a slight repast, and afterwards dispersing in

different directions, some pursued the windings of the rivulet, watching the fish which sported along its glassy surface, while others gathered the wild flowers and aromatic plants which grew on its banks. I stood at some distance, admiring a group of beautiful girls, who were advancing with baskets of linen on their heads, and short flat poles in their hands: they suddenly stopped, and placing their baskets on the ground, surrounded me, dancing with sprightly gestures, and singing in a lively pleasing tone: —

"*Oh! bella fanciulla! quanta bella, Occhj begli, Capelli begli, carnaggione bella, oh quanta bella! bella fanciulla.*"

Signora Rossano, who approached, informed me that the lively imagination and active sprightliness of the inhabitants of Capri is proverbial, proceeding in all probability

from the extreme salubrity of the air, and fertility of the soil. The rays of the sun fall softened through lofty groves which extend to the summit of the highest hills. The large-leaved mulberry-tree, studded with delicious purple berries; the pomegranate, with scarlet flowers, and apples of a blood-red colour; the broad shining leaves of the omelia, with bell-shaped flowers of snowy whiteness, the orange and citron trees, bearing fruits and flowers at once, all contribute to the nourishment and refreshment of these happy villagers, who, placing their habitations on the top of the highest land, enjoy the freshness of the breeze as it sweeps along the ocean, flutters through the trees, and exhales the perfume of innumerable aromatic plants and flowers.

A brisk gale rising at sun-set conveyed us from the island of Capri; and as we passed the eastern side we beheld

the foam of the waves dashed high in air, in boisterous contention with its projecting rocks. After passing the promontory of Massa, Sorrento rose to our view, supposed formerly to have echoed with the tuneful syren's song. The rocky surface is adorned with forests of the venerable oak, and the slender twigs of the yellow broom hang its yellow flowers from the interstices of the rock, and float in the wave below. Paths are cut through the heights to admit the entrance of strangers into the interior of the island; but the evening was too far advanced to permit of any further delay, and we returned to Portici well pleased with our excursion, and determined to embark again on the following day, and visit the islands of Ischia and Procida.

CHAP. VI.

"La jalousie est en quelque manière juste et raisonable puisquelle ne tend qu'a conserver un bien qui nous appartient ou que nous croyons nous appartient au lieu que l'envie est une fureur qui ne peut soufrir le bien des autres."

The weather, however, was unfavourable to our wishes; the wind still curled the surface of the sea, and drove the waves rapidly to the shore; we therefore determined to confine our proceedings to the land at present, and prepare to visit the catacombs on the northern side of the city. Signor Rossano informed us that the origin of these vaults is uncertain, and all conjecture respecting the hand that formed them, as well as the purpose for which

they were fabricated, lies buried under a heap of fabulous uncertainty. "Though by far the most reasonable conjecture is, that they were intended as receptacles for the dead, it is maintained," added he; "that they extend in various directions as far as Capua Pozzuale and Pausilippo: the ancient poets have supplied them with inhabitants; and Homer is supposed to allude to them in the following lines of his Odyssey:

When lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost bounds,
When rocks controul his waves with ever-during bonds,
Then in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cammerean dwells;
The sun ne'er views th' uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances or retreats.
Unhappy race, whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round with shades.

We set out, attended by guides, and soon reached the catacombs, which

consist of three distinct passes rising above each other, cut in the solid rock, and branching out into a variety of directions, with niches on either side, of size sufficient to contain a human body. We attempted to proceed in the lower cavity, but soon found our progress interrupted by fragments of the roof and sides, which had crumbled down, and were lying in heaps on the ground. We ascended the second aperture, and met with better success; but had not proceeded far when the light of the torches flashed upon bones and skulls which we discovered lying among the stones. Signor Rossano paused:—"These mansions of the dead," said he, "are supposed latterly to have been sought as places of concealment in times of persecution and civil war; and as we tread these shades of death, the mind painfully re-

curs to the sensations which those unhappy victims of oppression must have experienced, viewing with fearful apprehension the damp humid air of putrescence hanging over the half-expiring lamp: their power impotent to replenish for their wives and children the daily diminishing food, while danger and destruction with iron hand guarding the entrance of these caverns, sternly forbade their re-appearance in the realms of day." These and similar reflections engaged our attention, as we followed our guides through the windings of the catacombs, and insensibly filled my mind with sensations of alarm and dread. I started at the sound of our own footsteps, and trembled as the voice of our guides bidding us come on, echoed in sullen murmurs through the gloom: the light of their torches gleaming on the roof and sides, gradually retreating from our view,

threatened to leave us in total darkness; and Signor Rossano, who walked on before me, imperiously ordered them to slacken their pace.

"I always distrust these furfanti," said he, "even admitting that they have not any design against our lives; yet it is a common practice amongst them to sport with the fears of the timorous, and by extinguishing the light, as if by accident, leave us to return the best way we can through the winding of these vaults, every turning of which they are thoroughly acquainted with; and I must confess that with me all disregard of danger ceases, when women are exposed to share the peril. You had better remain here for an instant, while I overtake these ribaldi and bring them back; and I think we have had enough of the catacombs for the present."

So saying he sprang forward and

quickly diasppeared, but in a few moments we joyfully saw our friend approach, urging on the guides, who smiled at the apprehensions, degli signoras; and flourishing their torches to and fro to make them burn brighter, quickly led us to the mouth of the cavern, and remounting our mules, we returned to Portici. Soon after our arrival there I retired with Inglesia to pursue our usual occupation, and to read a new publication which Signor Rossano had brought from Naples for our amusement. We were thus engaged when de Linois entered, and requested permission to assist us in our studies; this favour we should willingly have declined, as his conversation was very seldom of a nature to throw new light upon any subject whatever, yet as he appeared that day uncommonly gay and good-humoured, we received his attentions accordingly, and trifled away

the time agreeably enough till Angelica appeared, who complaining of fatigue and lassitude in consequence of our mornings excursion, declined accompanying us in our evenings walk. I would gladly have remained at home with her, but this she peremptorily and angrily refused; I therefore left her with Signora Rossano, and accompanied by Inglesia, followed by her father and de Linois, we walked along the sea side, towards Gaeta. The winds were hushed, and the sun setting behind the islands of Ischia and Procida, they appeared to float in a flood of glory. The air was perfectly serene; not a leaf quivered in the forest; and the sea met the shore unruffled by the slightest swell. The magnificent scenery rising above the city of Naples was softened by those shadows which at the approach of night gradually extend from the mountains and the forest, forming a diversity of light and

shade, the beauty and harmony of which was never yet expressed by the human pencil. We soon afterwards perceived a globe of fire gently rising through the light mist, which rested on the summit of the Apennines, and reassuming her silver hue, the moon shed her soft light on the world beneath; but while we extended our steps onward, and reposed awhile on the fragrant shore, silvered by soft beams of light, and hushed into repose and silence by the absence of the winds, and lateness of the hour, my thoughts were wholly absorbed by the painful sensations which arose in my mind, while I reflected on that material alteration in the behaviour of Angelica de Linois, which I had lately remarked with inexpressible concern: it was in vain that I endeavoured to retrace that affectionate disposition, and those endearing charms of manner, which had so long engaged my kindness and

rivetted my affection. Her temper was become uneven and fretful; her spirits, often exhilirated without cause, as quickly sunk into dejection or peevishness; and the good humour of an hour was followed by sour looks and harsh replies the remainder of the day.

That de Linois's unmeaning attentions to Inglesia and me might have raised uneasy sensations in her bosom, appeared possible: but, on the other hand, I could scarcely suppose her so devoid of common sense as to indulge any serious apprehension on this score. She was fully aware of my engagements with Rimini, and knew how passionately I was devoted to him; and Inglesia, though a fine handsome girl, possessed none of those attractions, the deficiency of which men so seldom overlook. Distant, silent, and reserved, indifferent about pleasing any one ex-

cept her father, her time was entirely engrossed by pursuits of a very different nature; and, when in company, she was commonly endeavouring to make out a rhyme, or turn a sentence agreeably in her own head, and not at all attending to de Linois's gallantries. How painful are those sensations attending a rising coldness and disunion among friends, let the occasion of it be what it may: every trivial circumstance is anxiously watched, as calculated either to confirm or dispel our fears: we sometimes accuse ourselves of having through inadvertence provoked displeasure; and again, we are tempted to think that the eloignement is solely the coinage of our own brains, and at last, when positive acts of unkindness force themselves upon our observation, and change our doubts into certainty, we still seek to exonerate our friend, and endeavour to suggest excuses for jea-

lous fears, and unjust suspicions, while active memory, portraying a thousand past endearments and exchange of confidence and affection, chaces away displeasure from our bosoms, and leaves us still desirous to arrest the footsteps of retiring friendship, and still prepared to greet her future return. We had not as yet completed the term of our intended stay at Portici, when Angelica suddenly declared her resolution of returning home, pleading indisposition as the cause of her leaving her friends thus suddenly, who endeavoured in vain, by the most urgent entreaties, to make her change the determination. De Linois, though in reality perfectly indifferent whether we remained or not, seconded this request: however, she persevered in her resolution, and in the cool of the evening we set out, attended by Signor Rossano and Inglesia, who took leave of us near Naples, with

the warmest expressions of kindness, and a promise that they would soon visit us there: but it was some weeks before I saw them again.

On my arrival at Naples, I found two letters lying on the table, among several others which had come that day for Angelica and de Linois: my eye, glancing rapidly over the direction, I tore open one from Rimini, containing merely the few following hurried lines, without any date whatever:

"Giovanna vita mia cárá,

"I shall not attempt to describe the miserable sensations which I have experienced for the few last days. My unfortunate brother's sufferings are however at an end, and as soon as his remains are committed to the earth, I shall seek, in your presence, a relief from the misery which oppresses me."

"RIMINI."

Entirely engrossed by the delightful hope of soon seeing Rimini, I left the other letter unopened, and hastened to communicate my happiness to Angelica; but, on entering the apartment, I found her drowned in tears, and in accents of despair she pointed to a letter which was lying on the ground, and desired me to read it; it was from Paris. Her father informed her that Madame de St. Hilaire was very dangerously ill, in consequence of an accident which she had met with in returning from the opera: a lighted torch having unfortunately been flung against the horses, they had taken fright, and a violent shake of the carriage, as they ran furiously over the pavement, had driven her head against the opposite side of the carriage: that she had been bled, and other remedies applied, but that a great degree of fever which prevailed, together with other

unfavourable symptoms, rendered the event extremely doubtful.—All reserve instantly vanished between Angelica and me: I threw my arms round her neck, and pressing her to my bosom, besought her to be comforted, and we mingled our tears.

De Linois soon afterwards entered her apartment, evidently affected, and affectionately endeavoured to console her. She requested that he would instantly order the carriage, that she might set off for Paris; and observing that he hesitated, conjured me to make the necessary arrangements, and to prepare to accompany her.

I looked at de Linois for his approbation, but he made signs of intelligence which I could by no means comprehend. I approached the door of the apartment: he followed me, and, in a whisper, desired I would read the letter which I had left in the saloon.

My heart misgave me as I broke the seal: it was from de Verneuil, who too soon confirmed my fears. Alas! Madame de St. Hilaire was no more—she had survived the accident only three days. At first appearances were rather favourable: the wound in her forehead inconsiderable—the fever trifling—and hopes were entertained of her recovery; but these soon vanished, and, on the second day, a stupor, which had never left her since the fatal moment in which she received the blow, increased rapidly, the fever redoubled its violence; a large livid spot was discovered on the back of her head—convulsions followed—and she expired at eight o'clock in the evening of the third day.

De Verneuil continued thus:—"As the greatest intimacy long subsisted between my mother and your

friend, she had frequently, on former occasions, expressed a wish that, in case of her dissolution, her daughters might be placed under my mother's care.

"De St. Hilaire, attentive to her wishes, immediately arranged matters accordingly, and I am assured that my mother will joyfully receive the trust reposed in her, and view Pamela and Victoire with sentiments of maternal love; and may I venture to remind my lovely friend of our last conversation, while I repeat those vows of unalterable friendship which will for ever actuate my soul; and though you have checked my hopes of a nearer claim, behold me, while life remains, ever obedient to your wishes, and always (if you will permit it) attentive to your interest; on all occasions command my services: I will attempt im-

possibilities to serve Giovanna, my friend, the mistress of my heart.

"May every felicity be your's,

"HENRY DE VERNEUIL."

Paris, April, 1809.

Replete with woe were the following days which I passed, assiduously endeavouring to console the unhappy Angelica, distracted with grief, in consequence of her mother's death: all my attempts at consolation were for a time fruitless; at length, however, she was prevailed upon to admit into her apartment the light of day, and to allow of that relief which seldom fails to arise from agreeable objects. We gathered for her the fairest flowers, and endeavoured to draw her attention to the sweet note of the nightingale, and at last prevailed upon her to walk out at twilight as far as the neighbouring wood; but she almost instantly com-

plained of fatigue, and de Linois with difficulty supported her to a seat.—"Alas!" said she, "every object is painful to me, and my heart is dead to joy: my affectionate mother, my dear parent, can no longer behold the beauties of nature, or bid me dry my tears: her tender care and unremitted affection protected my helpless infancy, and hushed all my griefs in her dear bosom, and never did I hear from her lips the accents of unkindness or reproof: she is silent for ever. O that I were again in the days of my childhood, gaily sporting round her in the garden of Albinga, or listening to her beloved instructive voice, as we walked along the sea shore! And gloomy indeed will my future paths be, if you, de Linois, withdraw from me your affection, and treat me with coolness and disregard! "Alas! my dear Giovanna," continued she, "embracing me with tears, and

her voice faltering with emotion as she spoke, "how truly you painted to me my destiny."

"Say not so, my beloved Angelica," replied I, "you are surrounded by admiring and devoted friends, all interested in your happiness — sharing your afflictions, and making them all their own." And de Linois, whose foibles were rather the effect of folly than of ill-nature, kindly and affectionately chid her fears, and endeavoured to dispel them by assurances of the tenderest regard, while I mentally prayed for her felicity, and that he might never, by any thoughtless levity, give her pain, or recal to her recollection, by his unkindness, the loss which she so feelingly deplored. My own heart was soon agitated by those sensations so inseparable from the moments which precede those which are to bring to our view, after a tedious separation, the

person in whom all our hopes of happiness are centred: anxiously did I number them as they passed, and the contending emotions of hope and fear drove away repose from my soul. Could I be certain that my Rimini was equally rejoiced at our approaching reunion? or had absence, which too often sheds its fatal mildews over the bright forms of love and friendship, faded his plighted faith. Had his heart beat in unison with mine since we parted; had his thoughts hovered over me with unremitting care; had he remained coldly insensible to the charms of beauty, and beheld with indifference the fascinations of grace, except when he discovered accidentally some turn of feature, or trait of disposition, resembling my own—returning confidence in his promises, and conviction of his truth, would for a moment chace these doubts away; but they again quickly return-

ed with the restless anxiety of all-conquering love.

Questo cor se teme, e spera,
L'amor suo cosi dich caro
Sai che amando igni alma impara,
A sperar ed a temar
Ma il piacer che si figurá,
Se si ottien si fa minore,
Ma couteso del timore,
Pier sinsibile e il piacer.

CHAP. VII.

Such is the weakness of all mortal hope,
So fickle is the state of earthly things,
That ere they come into their aimed scope,
They fall so short of our frail reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort which we should embrace.
This is the state of Cæsar and of kings,
Let none therefore that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.

SPENCER.

THE day so anxiously desired at length arrived. Rimini stood before me, his affections unchanged, his tenderness undiminished. After the first moments of indescribable emotion, which withdrew from me the powers of reflection, I had leisure to remark his faded features and emaciated form. Pallid and dejected was that animated

and intelligent countenance, whose expression of manly sensibility and kindness was wont to diffuse raptures through my breast; effaced and lost was the symmetry of that graceful figure, whose image was inseparably united with every fibre of my heart. I gazed at him for some moments in silent grief, but the tears crowded into my eyes, and I entreated in broken accents that he would explain to me the cause of this alarming change in his appearance. "Oh! tell me," continued I, "has the cruel hand of sickness been extended over you? or has affliction for the woes of another wounded the generous soul of Rimini? The most affecting recital will be less intolerable to me than this state of suspense. Relieve my anxiety I conjure you, unless you would see me expire at your feet." For a few moments Rimini remained silent, apparently absorbed in his own reflec-

tions; at length he approached, and pressing my hands to his lips and bosom, sighed deeply, while his countenance underwent a variety of changes, expressive of the deepest embarrassment and anguish: recovering himself, he spoke as follows.

"Would to heaven that I had for ever remained ignorant of those cruel and distressing circumstances which have been revealed to me in his last moments by my unhappy brother! Oh that the fatal secret had never escaped his lips, aud blasted my ears! Would to heaven that it had descended with him to the dark chambers of the grave, and for ever remained buried in oblivion! and reluctantly do I now call it forth; but can I withhold any communication from Giovanna, the chosen of my heart, the beloved of my soul! the charm of my future days!"

Rimini paused, and traversed the room with hurried steps; at length, having succeeded in subduing his agitation, he seated himself near me, and continued as follows.

"You remember the letter which I wrote to you immediately after my arrival at Marino, expressive of surprise at several strange circumstances connected with my brother's residence there; which was afterwards considerably increased, and prepared my mind for the disclosure of some extraordinary event; but very far were my thoughts from glancing at the dreadful truth: day and night I assiduously remained by the side of his couch, in hopes of relieving his sufferings, and alleviating his anguish. About ten days previous to his dissolution, I was sitting there one night as usual, and had dismissed his attendant; a lamp was faintly glimmering at

the furthest extremity of the apartment, every thing was hushed into silence, the night was far advanced, and I was fast sinking into unconsciousness, when my brother suddenly starting up, seized me by the arm, his glassy eye gazed wildly around, his fixed and livid features became animated, and denoted horror and despair.

"Are we alone Francisco?' exclaimed he, gasping for breath: 'did no eye but your own behold me convulsively start, and endeavour to drive away that horrid phantom which pursues me? Did your ear alone distinguish my groans and supplications for pardon? The curse of heaven is upon me, and my prayers return unhallowed to my lips; my offence is too heinous to be described; it folds like a serpent round my heart, and chokes my utterance.'

"I extended my arms to receive my

brother, as he sunk faint and breathless on his pillow.—'I beseech you,' exclaimed I, 'my dear Antonio, to chase away these gloomy images from your soul, or if there be any latent cause for these dreadful apprehensions, reveal them to me. The suggestions of reason, the divine consolations of our holy religion, the warmth of fraternal affection, shall all be called forth to restore peace to the bosom of my friend and brother.'

"Francisco,' replied he; 'you will abhor me, and fly my presence; I shall be left to perish alone and unheeded; my last moments will be desolate; but what avails it! Can the presence of man disperse the shades of death, or bid confidence and hope arise in that soul which is appalled by the consciousness of divine displeasure? I am lost for ever! and whether I reveal the secret which has so long corroded

my heart, and scorched the blood in my veins, or remain silent, still the dark grave lies open before me, without one ray of heavenly consolation to dispel the gloom.'

"Confide your sorrow to me, Antonio,' replied I, falling on my knees by his side, 'and be the source what it may I never will forsake you. Can I forget that you are my brother, the only remaining companion of my infancy, the object of my dear parent's love: the same blood flows in our veins and warms my heart; and shall I break the sacred ties of nature, and condemn my brother? Ah! no: speak then without apprehension: my mind, unweakened by sickness, may suggest some motives of consolation, and if that is denied, I will weep in silence, and share all your woes.' After a considerable pause he continued thus:

"Eighteen years ago you may re-

collect that we came here to visit my brother Lorenzo soon after his marriage with Ginevra Frescati, a Roman lady of distinguished beauty, and considerable wealth. I soon afterwards left Marino, and returned to Rome, while you joined your academy at Florence. In a short time I became intimate with the young Marchese di Frescati, brother to my sister-in-law, and entered with him into all the dissipation and profligacy so prevalent among the noble Romans, without any funds to support it, except the trifling patrimony left by my father to his younger children. It may naturally be supposed that I was reduced to the extreme of poverty, and bitter to me was the loss of those gratifications, which had become in a manner necessary to my existence; but still more cutting and cruel to my soul was the neglect and contempt with which I

saw myself regarded by those who had lately called themselves my friends and companions. My mind was not sufficiently strong to bear these evils with fortitude, and I was often madly tempted to aim my stiletto at my heart, and thus end my woes; and would to heaven that no unseen power had withheld my hand! if blood was destined to be the price of my indiscretion, would that it had been my own: what exquisite remorse and misery would have been spared the wretched Antonio.

"Soon after this period, my brother Lorenzo lost his wife, who only survived the birth of a daughter two days, and he remained inconsolable for Ginevra's death. Finding his melancholy daily increase, he left this place, and went into Switzerland with his infant daughter, intending to reside some time among the mountains, and seek

relief from those unhappy sensations which pursued him in his favourite occupations of painting and reading."

Here Antonio paused. "I cannot well describe the precise nature of those ideas which crowded into my mind, as I listened with fearful attention to the concluding part of my brother's narrative, and my bewildered thoughts followed Lorenzo with horror into Switzerland, where I knew he had perished in an untimely manner.

"Unconsciously I withdrew my hand, which Antonio had firmly grasped, and gazed at him in silent consternation, dreading lest the next sentence he would utter should confirm the dreadful surmise which began to open upon my soul.

"Francisco,' exclaimed he, in horrid accents, 'your countenance denotes horror or detestation, and in your fierce inquiring eye is written

vengeance against the murderer of Lorenzo: already I behold the stiletto quiver in your hand impatient to drink my blood: plunge it quickly into my heart. I am the assassin that deprived him of existence.' These word swere scarcely uttered when horror drove me away from Antonio's side, and kneeling at the furthest extremity of the apartment, I covered my face with the folds of my garment, and endeavoured to collect my senses, and to chace the animal spirit back into my benumbed limbs, for they crowded about my heart, and threatened me with suffocation. Sensations of anguish impossible to describe throbbed in each artery, and it seemed as though tight cords were drawn across my temples, and I would have given worlds to have been released from these iron bands. My breast throbbed with convulsive agitation; and tears at last

came to my relief, as I beheld in imagination Lorenzo lying wounded and bleeding on the cold ground, or dragged to expire in some desert cave, some dreary retreat of wild beasts, far from the habitations of men, his dear remains mouldering disregarded on the surface of the earth. And was this sad destiny reserved for him who was adorned with all those graces which rendered him beloved while living, and how mourned when dead, to fall by the hand of his brother, whose life he had on a former occasion saved at the hazard of his own?

"Deep sounds of woe drew me again towards the unhappy Antonio, who instantly drove me away with all the rage of frenzy; and remorse suddenly presenting to his view the phantom of his murdered brother, he endeavoured to chace it away with frantic gestures, while horror was painted

in his eyes. Exhausted by the violence of his emotion, he sunk into stupor, while I gently withdrew from his apartment, and calling up his attendant, ordered him to supply my place for a few moments, and I opened the casement in the anti-chamber, and beheld the first rays of the morning light tremble upon the surface of the calm waves.

"I hastily took the path leading to the shore: the balmy breezes of the morning, and soft murmur of the ocean, rolling its light foam at my feet, soothed my spirits, and in some measure hushed the agitation of my soul. 'Alas! my brother,' exclaimed I, 'most guilty, most unhappy: Oh, may the bright attributes of mercy and forgiveness, following the footsteps of repentance, extend their radiant wings over him as he sinks into the grave! May these beneficent beings support him in the agonies of death, and raise him

into the Almighty's presence spotless and absolved !'

"Overcome by grief, watching, and fatigue, I sunk for an instant asleep upon the sand. I thought that you, Giovanna, stood at some distance from me; your eyes seemed full of tears, and sighs appeared to rend your bosom: with the quickness of thought I reached the spot where you stood, and endeavoured to dispel your sorrow with the soft accents of love: an invisible hand suddenly withdrew you from my arms, and I wandered cheerless and alone, endeavouring to trace your footsteps in the sand. I afterwards found myself in an apartment on the northern side of the castle: soft music floated in the air, the folding doors flew open, and my brother Lorenzo entered, leading you in, Giovanna. I flew with rapture to meet you, and smiling, he joined our

hands, and bid us be blessed in each other's love. Immediately he was surrounded by a multitude of shining figures, and a cherub advancing, placed a garland on his head, to whom he extended his arms, and it flew into them. The bright group withdrew, and I turned to seek Giovanna, when the beams of the rising sun darting on my eyelids awoke me.

"My brother Antonio, with the exception of some few intervals, remained delirious till within a few hours of his dissolution, when his soul, on the eve of springing into eternity, suddenly recovered all its pristine powers. I entered his apartment as the beams of the setting sun, glancing through the half closed curtains rivetted for the last time his almost extinguished eyes:—his features were sunk and fixed, while the damp chill dews of death hung on his forehead: extending

to me his cold hand, he with difficulty spoke as follows:—

"My dear Francisco, I feel persuaded that my sufferings and penitence have expiated my crime. The fearful phantom which has so long presented to my view the murdered Lorenzo no longer appals me. The blood which I have so often seen flowing from his wounds has vanished: his livid countenance has recovered the glow of former health, yet a few moments ago he smiled forgiveness. I could have gazed for ever on the enchanting vision which conveyed to my soul sensations scarcely less delicious than beatitude itself. Endeavour, I conjure you, to find Lorenzo's daughter, she still exists: for many years I have faithfully sent Pescaro Rondinello into Switzerland with supplies for her use; but since he left me, I have feared to disclose to others the place of her

residence, always intending to make up the deficiency, and go myself, and bring her away from her retreat, and in educating her as my own daughter provide for her accordingly; but illness, and the distracted state of my mind, eternally interfered to frustrate this design for the benefit of the young Ginevra.'

"I eagerly interrupted Antonio—'Tell me I entreat you, where she is to be found: this instant will I seek her with unwearied zeal: I will be the father, the guardian of Lorenzo's daughter. Speak! I entreat you, tell me where to find her.'—Alas! Antonio heard me not: his eye was fixed and glassy; a hollow rattling sound arose heavily from his throat: his cold hand started from my grasp; his head sunk on his pillow, and breathing a deep sigh, he expired.

"It was in vain that I searched

among my brother's letters and papers; not the slightest information could I obtain to guide me to Ginevra, nor do I know in what part of Switzerland Lorenzo fell, as he seldom prolonged his residence above a few weeks in the same district.

"I have now explained to you, Giovanna, the cause of that affliction which has no doubt blanched my countenance, as I feel it has unstrung my nerves. I still indulge the hope of discovering the residence of the young Ginevra: and I know you will view with affection Lorenzo's daughter, and vie with me in testimonies of tenderness and love; we will afford her an asylum in our own habitation, and she shall become our incessant care.

"Oh, most willingly," exclaimed I, "and may we succeed in finding the hapless girl, who perhaps at this mo

ment is suffering all the woes of poverty and destitution."

"Immediately after our marriage," continued Rimini, "we will proceed into Switzerland for this purpose: our utmost endeavours shall not be wanting, and possibly accident may favour our research."

CHAP. VIII.

Perche, crudo destino,
Ne disunisci s'amor ne stringe;
E tu perche ne stringe
Se ne parte il destin, perfido amor.

WITHIN a few days of the time fixed upon for the celebration of my marriage, Rimini accompanied me to Portici, as I was desirous of bidding farewel to my friends, who had distinguished me with great regard, and who on the present occasion warmly congratulated me on my approaching felicity. In the cool of the evening we returned to Naples along the sea-shore, mounted on mules, and had reached the suburbs of the city, when turning to

the left, we ascended a steep ill-paved street, and a loose stone rolling under the foot of the animal, I should have reached the ground, had not an elderly man, dressed in a homely garb, stepped forwards, and catching hold of the bridle, desired me not to be alarmed. The tones of his voice instantly brought to my recollection those of Paul Hartz, my father, and the moon at that instant shining brightly, we stood discovered to each other.

"Jesu Maria," exclaimed he "if my eyes do not deceive me, I behold Giovanna Hartz."

Embarrassment of a disagreeable nature rendered me silent, and for a few moments prevented my receiving my father with the alacrity and satisfaction which I was conscious my duty to him required; Rimini, who was a few paces behind, instantly rode up, and observing how much I was

discomposed, desired him to call at our villa on the following morning, when he should have an opportunity given him of conversing with me. The old man promised to do so, and lightly touching his cap, let the mule pass on; I immediately explained to Rimini who he was, and endeavoured to account for the extraordinary agitation which his presence had occasioned, by recalling to his recollection how much I had suffered while subjected to his authority in the mountains of Switzerland; and that an unaccountable dread hung over me that he would by some means unknown to me, yet interfere to plunge me into distress and misery. Rimini endeavoured to dispel my fears by reminding me that any claim which he might possess over me as my father would quickly yield to the protecting care of the husband; that a few days would unite us inseparably, and render

any attempts on his side to mar my happiness perfectly abortive, even supposing his intentions were such, for which he could not possibly discover a cause. These and similar arguments failed to bring conviction to my mind, enforced by the all persuasive voice of Rimini; and I beheld with anxiety and dread the hour approach in which I was to have another interview with my father. He came the following morning, plainly but neatly dressed, and remained standing in a corner of the room with his cap in his hand, though Rimini, who was present, repeatedly desired him to be seated, while I endeavoured in vain to recover my tranquillity, and to speak to him without embarrassment. I made very few inquiries about the individuals of his family, but expressed my satisfaction at seeing him well. He informed us that he was come to Naples about some

business relative to his eldest son, Gallo, who had enlisted in the emperor's troops, and dying there had left some money and effects which the father was come to secure. Rimini in return informed him of our approaching marriage, adding some explanations as to his own connections and rank in life, which he thought due to him as my father; at which the old man smiled, and wished me joy, adding: "Though after all, Giovanna, you are not my own daughter; yet I am pleased at your good luck for all that." Rimini having eagerly desired him to explain himself, he did so as follows:.... "As well as I can remember, signor, it will be seventeen years next month that my wife and I were sitting at supper after having penned the sheep for the night on a small piece of land at the back of our hut in the greater St. Bernadin, as I was saying, sitting together talking just as it might be at present, when a man

came in, wrapped in a long cloak with a baby in his arms, who might be about seven months old, or thereabouts. In a rough ill-spoken manner he bid my good woman take care of it, and laying a purse of gold on the table, said we should have more of it if we minded the child. My wife, signor, took care of the child, and the man who brought her said she was called Ginevra, but we took a fancy to change it to Giovanna: one of our own was called Ginevra, and she it is, signor, who sits beside you."

"Gracious heaven!" cried Rimini, "for what new disasters am I reserved!" and he rushed out of the room, while I remained bewildered and confused, every sensation absorbed in astonishment at what I had that moment heard; and scarcely could I credit the evidence of my own senses, and was tempted to imagine that I was harassed by an alarming dream:—but alas! it was

too true. Rimini returned not, and I awoke to a consciousness of my woe. Messengers were dispatched in search of him every where, but no traces whatever of his retreat could be discovered either in Naples or in the neighbourhood. It was in vain that Angelica and her husband exerted their utmost endeavours to tranquillize my mind, and to discover those circumstances which had driven him from me. I could not give utterance to the words "Rimini is my father's brother;" and I would have given worlds could I have concealed it from my own soul, which soon became the abode of distraction. I hurried incessantly through the apartments, and started with despair from the spot where he stood listening to the fatal discovery, and the mirrors which had so often reflected his beloved image dislcosed to my view those tears and that despair which I in vain endeavoured to controul. I traversed the

paths of the wood which we had frequented together, and calling on his name, entreated that he would return that I might once more behold him before I became incapable of distinguishing him; and unconscious of his presence, for I firmly believed my death was approaching: in these violent agitations I passed the remainder of the day, and whole of the following night, after Rimini had disappeared; and towards morning, having fallen asleep, I was suddenly roused by the opening of the door of my apartment, and a servant approaching the bed-side, informed me that an elderly man was standing in the portico, who desired to see me!

"Admit him instantly," cried I; "perhaps he brings me some tidings of Rimini;" I threw a wrapper round me, and sitting up in bed received Paul Hartz, who entered the room

softly, with evident marks of concern in his features, as he fixed his eyes on my distracted countenance, while I inquired in trembling accents, and with quivering lips, whether Rimini had left me for ever.

"I am heartily grieved," said he, "that any thing I have said should have thwarted your marriage: but take heart, my dear lady: you are it seems the daughter of a noble marquis, and no doubt will have plenty of young cavaliers proud to serve you. Come, cheer up, and think no more of Signor Rimini, who it seems is your uncle, and therefore cannot be your husband: I have a letter for you; he gave it me last night before he left Naples, and I am to follow him immediately, and expect to overtake him on the road to Switzerland. I will retire while you read it, and wait your commands in the antichamber."

"I received this letter in speechless emotion, and pressing it to my lips, read the contents, which were soon nearly obliterated by the tears which fell in abundance from my eyes. Rimini expressed himself thus.

"We are told, that those who are in danger of sinking, eagerly grasp at a shadow, and convulsively stretch their hands to seize the yielding wave.—Thus I indulge the hope, though against all probability, of detecting some fallacy in the relation of those circumstances which otherwise have cruelly blasted our hopes, and extinguished the torch of hymen, which love had lighted at our approach. When this letter reaches you, my beloved, I shall be some miles on my way into Switzerland, for the purpose of comparing Paul Hartz's narrative with that of his wife's: and I know not what benignant power suggests motives of consolation, and points

out to my observation that striking dissimilarity between the features of your lovely face, and those characteristic traits which so eminently distinguish the Italian countenance. Your complexion, fairest Giovanna, resembles the Rose de Provence, the snowy whiteness of its leaves, tinged with a faint crimson, or rather reflecting the glow of some damask rose. Joy and innocence, the inmates of your beauteous bosom, with their bright hands, have moulded every lineament of your face: a profusion of golden hair (unknown among us) shading in light curls your blue eyes, in which is painted every soft emotion of your spotless mind—the contour of your countenance—the exquisite symetry and finely-turned form—the dazzling whiteness of your hands and arms would denote you the daughter of a northern sky. The glowing brightness of the Italian sun tinges our

complexions with its own saffron hue, and animates our black eyes with some of its electric sparks: dark hair, long features, restless inquiring looks, distinguish the sons of Italy; nor did the countenance of my brother Lorenzo, or Ginevra Frescati, form any exception to the general rule.

"But, alas! Giovanna, if my researches should on the contrary tend to confirm the cruel surmise, that you are lost to me for ever; if these lips are condemned never more to utter the vows of love, or to receive its rapturous impression; if my eyes have beheld you for the last time, and if darkness is henceforth to shade my paths on earth, I will hope to behold you in Paradise, where our souls are freed from the fetters of mortality, and human ties are obliterated in the grave. We will seek each other through the regions of space, nor can I fail to dis-

tinguish my beloved. The charms of her soul, which are eternal, first won my affection, and will guide me to her through the pathless sky.

"Let us then, my Giovanna, take courage: our separation is but for a moment, we will bear patiently the transient woes of life, and our souls shall enjoy hereafter that bliss which is reserved for the virtuous, and which would be incomplete, if unblest with each other's presence.

"RIMINI."

The answer which I returned to Rimini was scarcely legible, as with trembling and unsteady hand I endeavoured to describe to him the misery which harassed me; nor was I generous enough to conceal from him those sufferings which his absence had occasioned me: it was as follows.

"There are some misfortunes which

cannot be gazed at steadily, and of this description is that which separates me from Rimini. My mind shrinks within itself, and wishes for the suspension of its faculties, sources alone of bitterness and woe. Memory serves but to barb the arrow which has reached my heart, and by presenting a view of past happiness, renders my present evils yet more insupportable; and anticipation is alike dreadful, when hope is for ever extinguished. But I should have suffered less, my Rimini, had you strove to reconcile me to the necessity of your departure, and gradually prepared me for the darkness which was to follow; and my heart, which has so long beat in unison with your own, would have yielded to the arguments of reason, flowing from the lips of love. The pen faintly conveys these divine sentiments, their etherial essence vanishes, and can alone be

expressed by the intelligent eye, the melting accent, and all the powerful eloquence of tears and sighs: unsupported by your presence, unreconciled to my misfortune by your entreaties when all hopes of seeing you return vanished, my soul seemed ready to take its flight to happier regions, and the attentive care of Angelica was scarcely sufficient to detain it. The livid hand of death already circled my eyes, and extended its deformity over every feature of my face. Alas! Rimini, sad are the ravages which the passions make in the human figure, and misfortune withers us in our bloom. I am no longer the fair creature which your tender partiality describes in such glowing colours. I start at my own image; pale and wan the picture of woe; my countenance expressive of misery within, but my heart is still the same, and its affections unfaded: they

are your's for ever, Rimini, and I can know no peace, no consolation, except what is derived from those assurances of eternal love expressed in your letter, which I have ardently pressed to my lips, and rapturously treasured in my heart. Write to me thus, Rimini, and dry my tears; inspire me with hope and confidenee of a favourable change in our destiny, and communicate to me instantly the result of those researches on which hang the repose of my future days. Alas! will they be favourable, my Rimini? nevertheless, welcome as Jubili to the slave, as absolution to the dying saint, will be to Giovanna the renewed assurances of Rimini's love."

I gave this letter into the hands of Paul Hartz, and enjoined him to give it to Rimini without delay. I hastened the old man's departure, bestow-

ing on him some gratuity, and he was soon on his way towards the Milanese territory.

As soon as the recovery of my health permitted me, in order to vary the scene, I went for a few days to Portici, but every object there equally reminded me of Rimini. Indefatigable were Signor Rossano and Inglesia in endeavouring to amuse and dispel my chagrin; each day afforded me additional proofs of their regard.

"Signora Rossano, without being asked, would sing my favourite airs, and whenever my grief refused to yield to the harmony of her voice, her husband would draw my attention to the English language, which he knew I was partial to, and we again renewed our studies, and read together some of the poets; but it was long before I became thoroughly acquainted with the beauty and vigour

of the English language, or able to hold a continued conversation. That deep dejection, which had oppressed me since Rimini's departure, and which at times threatened the derangement of my senses, began gradually to yield to my endeavours, and my mind became sufficiently at ease to attend to these occupations; and my literary pursuits were no longer irksome.

I had not remained above three weeks with my friends at Portici, when one morning, as I was sitting with Inglesia and her mother, who were embroidering, while Signor Rossano was reading aloud, a servant opened the door, and announced de Linois, who informed me that de St. Hilaire was on his way from Paris to Naples, and had sent a messenger to prepare Angelica for his arrival to-morrow, or the following day. "I am come," continued he, "for

the purpose of escorting you to Naples."

I accordingly took leave of my friends at Portici, and proposed to attend him, impatient to hear particulars respecting those friends whom I had left at Paris, and desirous of finding that Pamela and Victoire were in some measure consoled after the death of their mother.

CHAP. IX.

"Sperai vicino al lido
Credei calmato il vento
Ma trasportar me sento
Fra le Tempeste ancor,
E da uno Scoglio infido
Mentre salvar mi voglio,
Surto in un altro scoglio
Del primo assai peggior."

De St. Hilaire, who arrived at Naples three days after my return from Portici, looked remarkably well, nor did the expression of his countenance in the least correspond with his mourning dress. He brought me letters from his daughters Pamela and Victoire, which I retired to read, and found they contained the warmest expressions of friendship, and earnest entreaties that I would

return to them at Paris, as Madame de Verneuil, under whose protection they had been placed, suffered so much from bad health, and the encreasing infirmities of age, as to be unable to promote any of those amusements so requisite for young people, and so necessary for dissipating those traces which misfortune leaves upon the minds of youth.

I read over Pamela's letter with much interest, and which my own inclination in some measure seconded. In the first instance, I imagined that change of scene would relieve my mind, still smarting under the effects of my recent disappointment. I also sincerely loved Pamela and Victoire, as well on their own account, as in gratitude due to the memory of my benefactress. But my mind still fluctuated between the alternative of going to Paris, escorted by de St. Hilaire,

or of remaining where I was. When I entered Angelica's apartment, with a view of being guided in some measure by her opinion, I found her in earnest conversation with her father, and she prevented those observations I proposed to make, by saying "I hope, Giovanna, you are come to tell me that you intend complying with my sister's request; and my father, who is obliged to return to Paris in a fortnight, will have great pleasure in escorting you thither, and you also shall take my *Soubrette Janatone*, who is desirous of returning to her friends, so I think you will be quite safe."

I certainly did not expect so much readiness on Angelica's side to part with me, and felt a good deal hurt that no wish whatever was expressed of detaining me, and with some degree of displeasure, I answered, that I had already determined to leave Italy, and

should with pleasure accept of de St. Hilaire's offer of conducting me to Paris, and turning to him, I bowed; but accidentally fixing his eye, my thoughts instantly recurred to the scene at the masquerade, and his former professions of love; yet there was nothing in his manner to warrant any apprehension; he had met me on his arrival with frankness and cordiality, but without any indications whatever of a warmer sentiment; and spoke of Rimini's departure with the most friendly concern, as it had interfered with the accomplishment of my wishes; and on the present occasion he expressed the pleasure he should derive in conducting me to Paris; so naturally, and made the necessary arrangements for our journey in so easy and unconcerned a manner, that I should not have been justified in refusing his attendance; and I had been too warmly pressed by An-

gelica de Linois to leave Naples, not to feel every inclination to comply.

De St. Hilaire proposed that we should proceed by land to Paris, and passing through Bologne, remain there a day or two, as he had some business to transact; and this plan was infinitely agreeable to me, as Signor Ferraro, Rimini's banker, resided in that town, to whom our letters were severally directed and committed to his care. I wished to leave a packet there for him, and expected in return to find one waiting for us.

When the time of my departure drew nigh, I surveyed the interesting scenery about Naples with emotions of increased melancholy and regret. Alas! how different were my sensations, when I beheld them for the first time; hope danced before my eyes, and played round my heart: in Rimini's constancy was centered all my wishes, and the

warmth of my own sentiments reassured me, and whispered that he would be true to his vows; his return was to banish all anxiety: the sacred ties of marriage were to unite us for ever, and blest in his love, I was to bid defiance to the frowns of fortune. But obstacles impossible to be foreseen, and never to be vanquished, had started up to defeat all my hopes; and vain, alas! had been Rimini's constancy, and ineffectual his return. The evening previous to my departure from Naples, on entering the saloon, I found several strangers seated there, listening to de St. Hilaire, whose conversation appeared to excite considerable interest. A few evenings before he left Paris, he was walking about dusk in la rue St. Honoré, when he heard a quick step behind him, and presently some one touched him on the shoulder, and turning round, he per-

ceived it to be the Emperor, who placing himself at his side, they walked on together, while he thus addressed him:—"What do the people in Paris think about the intended divorce of the Empress Josephine? By heavens! they ought to applaud all *his* actions, who has raised the glory of their kingdom to the skies. France is the paradise of the poor; the subsidies, levied with propriety and equity, flow from the rich and luxurious: wherever *he* turns his steps, the police flourishes, the destitute raise their heads—*parbleu*, the French ought to worship Napoleon the first." So saying, his majesty turned off in a contrary direction, and disappeared, before St. Hilaire had recovered the surprise which this unexpected *rencontre* had excited.

I had frequently remarked upon former occasions that whenever poli-

tics by any accident whatever threatened to be the subject of conversation, an extraordinary degree of reserve prevailed, which appeared for the moment to seal the lips, and suspend the gestures of the body. This was the case at present, and de St. Hilaire's anecdote did not give rise to any observation further than *"ma foi cela est extraordinaire,"* and the discourse turned on the probable duration of our journey, and time of our arrival at Paris. St. Hilaire, who approached me, mentioned the hour of departure on the following morning, and followed by Angelica, who retired to write a letter to her sisters, which I was to take with me, I retired from the supper-room, arranged my books, drawings, &c. and closing the trunks, prepared to retire to rest, when chance directed my eyes to the foot of a table which stood near me, and I saw a letter lying there, which

on examination I found to be that which Ignatia had left for me, to be delivered to her brother, in case chance ever took me to England, or that I stood in need of protection: unwilling to open my trunks, I concealed it in my travelling dress, and lay down to sleep, but it was long before I could find repose, which was a good deal disturbed by the following remarkable dream.

Methought I was transported into a mountainous tract of country, from which all egress seemed denied me: after several ineffectual attempts to release myself, I suddenly discovered a long walk shaded with trees, at the upper end of which stood my dear Ignatia, whose death I had never ceased to mourn: I immediately flew to meet her, folded the shadow in my arms, and expressed all the delight which filled my soul at the re-appearance of this beloved companion and friend,

eagerly relating those events which had taken place since we parted, and unfolding to her my anguish when Rimini had disappeared: Suddenly de St. Hilaire was at my side, and seizing my hand, endeavoured to drag me forcibly away: disengaging myself with difficulty from his grasp, I ran not knowing whither, and with horror beheld my hands crimsoned with blood: the purple drops distilled from my fingers stained the ground, and tinged my garments: sick at the sight, I hastily pressed forwards to plunge them into a stream which I saw at some distance: at my approach the winds howled, the river rose, the waves reached my bosom, and threatened to overwhelm me: when I beheld de Verneuil on the opposite shore, and stretched out my hands towards him, imploring his assistance with a vehemence which awoke me.

It was long after the fearful vision

had fled that I recovered from the impression of dread which it had left upon my soul; and the re-assuring light of day, which soon afterwards dawned, was for some time ineffectual towards dispelling the inquietude and dread which haunted me, and I repented having undertaken this journey; but it was too late to recede, and my attendant coming in soon afterwards to tell me that all was ready for our departure, and having embraced Angelica de Linois, who rose to bid me farewel, I proceeded reluctantly to the portico, where I found de St. Hilaire waiting for me, and the carriage at the gate, into which he handed me, and we drove off, and for some hours followed the road which leads along the sea-coast; but we soon afterwards turned to the right, and I beheld the Apennines rising before me.

CHAP. X.

Vo solcando un mar crudole,
Senza vele, e senza sarte;
Freme L'onda, il ceil s'imbruna
Cresce il vento e manco l'arte,
E il voler della fortuna
Son costretto a seguitar.
Infelici in questo stato
Son da tutti abbandanato,
Meco sola e l'innocenza
Chi mi porta a naufragar.

METASTASIO.

ABOUT noon the rays of the sun dispersed the mist which rested on the Apennines, and tinged with gold the curling vapor as it rolled away from the vallies, and disclosed to our view the road winding among an endless chain of mountains, which appeared coeval with

the skies. Though in a great measure unacquainted with the geography of the country through which we passed, yet I had always understood that the road from Naples leading to France lay parallel to the coast, and I could not by any means account for the circumstance of finding ourselves surrounded by the Apennines. De St. Hilaire, to whom I made this observation, replied that he had purposely come this circuitous route, in order to avoid some dangerous woods and difficult passes, but that we should shortly emerge from the mountains, leaving them considerably to the left: I made no reply, and endeavoured to repel some unpleasant reflections which rose in my mind, by directing my attention to the country through which we passed. I had soon occasion to observe that travelling in the interior of Italy is attended with a good deal of diffi-

culty; and many are the disadvantages which the traveller has to encounter. The villages, thinly scattered, are wholly unprovided with places for the reception of strangers, who must either seek the casual hospitality of the natives, or wander on along unfrequented paths to some distant city, thinly peopled; and where the reception and accommodation he meets with is but ill calculated to invigorate his steps, or make him forget his toil. The sun was now setting; the shadows of evening began to extend on all sides; and the wind blew over the heath with a chilly sound, when the muliteers desired us to pause while they gave the animals some provender at a hut seated on the extremity of a heath which we had passed, and at thee ntrance of a wood through which the road seemed to lay. I eagerly inquired how far we had yet to travel before we stopped for the night, and

my companion replied that the town of Molise lay but two leagues off to the right, where he intended passing the night; and after having recommended care and dispatch to the muliteers, we drove on, and continued to travel in total darkness for several hours, without discovering any indication whatever of city, town, or village: these circumstances, together with the darkness and silence of the hour, excited very disagreeable sensations in my mind. I recurred with dismay to the recollection of de St. Hilaire's unprincipled character, and former declarations of love; and in case this fancy should now return upon him, I trembled to think that I was wholly in his power, which circumstance might induce him to have recourse to violent measures for conquering my reluctance to receive his hand, which the recent death of his wife had left at his own

disposal; and I accused myself of indiscretion and temerity in having placed myself in my present situation, and every motive for doing so which had before appeared sufficiently strong vanished from my view, and seemed so trivial, that I stood corrected and astonished at my own folly in having hearkened to it. And I anxiously looked from the front of the carriage in hopes of discovering the city of Molise; but in vain—the shades of night rested upon the mountains, which frowned a deeper gloom; and no sound met the ear except the rolling of our own carriage wheels. After having proceeded along a rough causeway, we stopped at a building, the extent of which was completely concealed from my view by the darkness of the night: an old man opening the door with a torch in his hand ushered us into a spacious apartment, and the light dis-

covered to me several pieces of furniture of a singular and grotesque description, which, together with a variety of other circumstances, made me doubt its having been recently inhabited. De St. Hilaire placed a light on the table, and having ordered my attendant to follow him, I was left for some time at liberty to view attentively the objects before me.

The walls were of stucco, which appeared in many places damaged and fallen away: stuffed birds of prey, together with small nets, gins, and other implements for and trophies of the chace, hung in different directions, and appeared to indicate that the neighbouring mountains and forests afforded sport for the hawksman and the hunter. A table was extended at the upper end of the apartment, and baskets, apparently containing provisions, lay among plates, dishes, and other articles

of culinary use; but the faggot did not appear to have blazed on the hearth for many a day; every object around was cold, dusty and cheerless. I was naturally led to reflect whether accident or design had brought me hither. De St. Hilaire appeared perfectly well acquainted with the face of the country, and what could possibly induce him to prefer resting in this dreary habitation rather than seek refreshment at an hotel in some frequented town, unless he had sinister views in regard to myself, which could but be accomplished in this desolate retreat; in which case I had every thing to apprehend: I determined, however, to conceal my suspicion; and when he soon afterwards entered, I endeavoured to speak with my usual composure, but forbore to make any observation as to the place we were in, lest my countenance should betray the uneasiness of my mind.

He spread a variety of refreshments on the table, and induced me to partake of some, endeavouring to amuse me the while with a variety of Parisian anecdotes, to which I yielded little or no attention; and as soon as we had finished our repast, he ordered my attendant to conduct me to the apartment which I was to occupy for the night. It was a dreary disagreeable looking room, not far from the hall of entrance; but the door had two good bolts in the inside. I inquired of *Janatone*, as she stood staring about the room, what she thought of the place we were in, and how soon we might expect to reach Bologna.

"As to that, Mademoiselle, if we keep going on in the wrong way, I don't see how we can get there at all; and Jerome says we are just as far from Paris as when we left Naples: But holy Virgin," continued she, "just

as we had done supper La Souche came in. Jerome said they had left him at Paris: I wonder what brings him here; nothing good I dare say."

"Well, *Janatone*," replied I, "we have nothing to do with that; let those look to it who employ him."

So saying I opened the door to let her pass, and fastening it after her, lay down to sleep, and awoke for the first time at day-break on the following morning. The window of the apartment which I occupied opened into the court yard, which was nearly overgrown with grass, and shoots of the wild mulberry and fig tree sprung from amidst the stones: some arched windows and low grated doors, half choaked with rubbish, gave the building, which appeared of considerable extent, a gloomy and forlorn appearance. My attendant soon afterwards entered with some coffee; but I

could not learn whether the carriage had been ordered, or how soon we were to proceed on our journey. I determined, however, to press this matter with de St. Hilaire, and returned with this intent to the room in which we had sat the preceding evening; he was not there, but I found every thing else just as we had left it: our travelling dresses lay on one corner of the table, and I observed his belt and short sword, which he had taken off on our arrival, hanging over the back of a chair. He soon, however, made his appearance, and inquiring eagerly after my health, added some very flattering compliments as to the effects which repose had upon my looks: without attending to what he said, I requested that we might immediately proceed on our journey, as I was extremely impatient to reach Bologna.

"That depends entirely upon your-

self," replied he, and seizing my hands he pressed them, vehemently exclaiming: —"Consent to make me the happiest of men, Giovanna, and that moment sets you free; but till then my prisoner you must remain: indulgent fortune has at length heard my prayers, and you are mine for ever—nay, start not, for by heaven you must and shall submit: surrounded by my vassals, enclosed in the wildest recesses of the Apennines, what hope of escape remains; what chance of safety by flight? Yield then to your fate with a good grace: a holy priest shall this moment unite our hands, and joy and splendour await your return to Paris; and behold me your devoted slave for ever."

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed I, struggling to overcome the alarm and indignation which had hitherto suspended my powers of utterance. "How can you indulge so wild an imagination, as

to suppose that I can so soon forget Rimini, or bestow my hand on another, while my affections are centered in him alone? And though I were never to see him more," continued I firmly, "his will I remain till the moment of death, which I will sooner meet from my own hand than break my faith to him."

Stamping his foot furiously on the ground—

"It is distraction," cried he, "to hear a girl of your sense talk like a fool. Your Rimini, as you call him, cares not about you, otherwise can you suppose he would have left you on the eve of your marriage, had all the fiends in hell stood up to oppose it?—Come, come, Giovanna, recollect yourself: a splendid establishment waits your acceptance, and if you are so blind to your own interest as to disregard it, I am not: you are now

completely at my disposal, and you must and shall comply with my desire."

So saying, he made a signal of intelligence, upon which a man in the ecclesiastical habit entered the apartment, followed by a youth in black: his cowl was partly drawn over his face, as he advanced slowly with a breviary in his hand, and placed himself with his back to the window, while I stood gazing in speechless astonishment attentively at M. de St. Hilaire, who had seized my hand, and at the priest, who began reading the marriage contract in rather a low tone of voice. There was somewhat in the appearance and voice of this man which soon completely riveted my attention. I fixed my eyes intensely on his form, and suspended my respiration, while his accents met my ear: he had scarcely concluded the first

sentence, when I recognised the voice and countenance of La Souche rage darted like lightning through my brain, and armed my hand with the fury of revenge.

"Monster!" exclaimed I, seizing the short sword which hung near me; "dare you assume that sacred habit for the purpose of aiding iniquity in the destruction of virtue? Thy death be upon thy own head," cried I, plunging the sword into his heart. La Souche instantly fell at my feet, and I gazed wildly for a moment on the ghastly wound which my hand had made in his bosom: but when I beheld his limbs convulsively start; when I marked his livid and distorted features quivering in the agonies of death; shiverings seized me: the objects around seemed to swim in a giddy mist before my eyes; fearful noises rang in my ears, and I sunk senseless

to the ground. On recovering my recollection, I found myself lying on the damp cold ground, with a lamp burning near me; raising myself slowly, and resting on my elbow, I discovered that I was in a low arched vault: a heavy putrid smell and thick air made my respiration nauseous: after gazing round me for some moments, I perceived a door at some distance, and rising, I took up the lamp and endeavoured to discover whether it afforded a possibility of escape; on examination, I found that it was old and decayed in several places, but too strongly fastened on the outside, not to resist all attempts at opening it. At this moment a stream of air passing through the crevices of the wood, made the lamp burn brightly for an instant, and discovered to me a man lying at the furthest extremity of the cave; I paused fearfully, and then advancing cautiously towards the

sleeper, listened attentively, but all was still. The throbbing of my own heart, the light vapour of my own breath, were the only indications of animation which I could perceive; I advanced nearer—merciful powers! what was my horror at beholding the bloody corpse of La Souche left to putrify by my side. The sight drove me to madness; I tore my hair, ran wildly round the dungeon, beating my breast; and calling on Rimini's name, besought him to rescue me from the grave, in which I fancied myself entombed alive. I upbraided him for having forsaken me, and plucking away the bloody sword which still stuck in the breast of the corpse, was madly aiming it at my heart, when I heard the door of the cave creak upon its hinges, and beheld a man slowly enter. I threw myself upon my knees before him, and entreated with all the energy of despair

that he would release me from this horrid captivity: he replied in slow and measured accents, that he could do nothing towards my rescue, but that if I chose to humble myself before St. Hilaire, and as an earnest of repentance, accede to his wishes, he might possibly be induced to conceal the murder which I had committed, and release me from prison.

"Sooner," exclaimed I, "will I remain in this cavern to eternity: here shall my bones moulder; here shall this unhappy body decay: but let him take heed to himself: there is a power who revenges the innocent, and my blood will one day rise up against him, nor can this deep dungeon, these thick walls, conceal it from the eye of him whose view penetrates into the abyss of hell. Hark! I hear the voice of heaven armed against my oppressor," and at that instant flashes of lightning

gleamed along the dark walls, and quivered over the damp floor, and a tremendous clap of thunder was heard rolling towards us. The keeper of the dungeon started, and hastily retreating, barred the door after him; while some degree of serenity returned to my bosom as I bowed in adoration before the footsteps of the divinity, whose all-powerful voice breaks the chains of the captive, and sets the prisoner free. The storm continued to rage violently for some time, and I heard stones roll crumbling from the roof, and in order to avoid them I retired close to the door: I had not been there long when I heard my name pronounced on the outside, and applying my ear eagerly to one of the crevices in the wood, found that it proceeded from my faithful attendant, Janatone, who desired me to take courage, and promised to return when the

night was further advanced, and if possible set me free.

Joy revived in my bosom at the sound of Janatone's voice; but she had scarcely left the door when the impatience with which I awaited her return, amounted almost to agony: a thousand circumstances might arise to frustrate her kind intention, and St. Hilaire would possibly in the interim harass and insult me by his presence. I endeavoured to accelerate her movements by my prayers, and remained motionless; my ear close to the door, in expectation of hearing some indications of her approach: at length her voice, together with a gentle rustle and jingle of keys, one of which she was applying to the door, announced her approach: but she tried several of them ineffectually; not one would turn in the lock. Those alone can understand the nature of my sensations

during this fearful interval, who have experienced this mental torture, when the soul is suspended on the rack of suspense, and increases its agony by the vain endeavours it makes to reach the object of hope which appears within its grasp. My misery however vanished as I heard the rusty bolt give way, and the heavy door creaking on its hinges. I flew to meet my deliverer, and embraced her with tears of joy. We hurried arm in arm along a narrow passage, and ascending a flight of stairs, saw the trees of the forest, and the stars glittering in the clear ether; but the trees still dropped moisture on our garments as we passed, after the late storm, and the tangled brake wood obstructed our path. We proceeded along by the light of the stars, and gradually slackened our pace as we thought ourselves farther removed from danger of pursuit. And

when the crimson beams of morning streaked the eastern sky, we found ourselves at the extremity of the forest, and beheld a desert tract of country, where mountains appeared heaped upon mountain, and rocks suspended over rock without end; the brown heath and sunburnt *Erica* affording neither pasture for cattle, or food for men.

We seated ourselves under a projecting cliff, and Janatone producing some raisins and dates which she had brought with her, we made our morning repast, and I found that I had been indebted for my escape to the loquacity of Jerome, her fellow servant. The first intimation which she received of my confinement was in consequence of the inquiries she made as to the extraordinary confusion which reigned in the house: while she sat at breakfast with the other servants, two of them ran out to see what was the matter,

and she was following, when Jerome rudely pushed her back, and fastened the door upon her: she was however shortly released, and eagerly endeavoured to find us in the different apartments which lay open: at last he mentioned my confinement, which was to last, he said, till I consented to marry his master; and boasting of having the charge of me, jingled a bunch of keys, and gave a sort of indistinct description of the place where I lay; and concluded by observing, that I should be glad enough to get out, and marry his master; and it would only be making believe if I pretended otherwise.

Janatone's curiosity, together with her wish of being a party concerned in the business, added to her good nature, abundance of which she possessed, acted powerfully in my behalf; and she determined if possible to relieve me; and pretending to doubt the

truth of what Jerome had said, she by degrees induced him to be more circumstantial in his account, and at last, after searching indefatigably every where, and watching him when he came to me just before the thunder storm, she found out what she wanted to know, and acted accordingly—with what success has already been mentioned.

We proceeded on our way, completely at a loss in what direction to turn our steps, sometimes wandering along rocky precipices, sometimes ascending the steep mountain, and pressing with weary steps the fragrant heath. Towards noon we saw some low shrubs covered with purple berries of an aromatic scent, and these proved a seasonable relief, for we ate of them without reluctance, having observed flights of birds rising from among them, after making a similar

repast: at sun-set, however, we became completely weary, and Janatone loudly complained of the want of her accustomed nourishment; and I could scarcely restrain my tears, as I saw no prospect of relief, and began to fear that we should perish with hunger in the desert. However, I soon became sensible of the necessity of exertion, and rousing myself to activity, supported the steps of my companion, and called off her attention from her own grievances by inquiring whether she saw a light advancing towards us at some diatance to the right: we soon discovered objects in motion as the light was shaken to and fro, and the sound of merriment broke upon the stillness of the night; a group approached, and peals of laughter and hollowing proceeded abundantly from them as they came on.

CHAP. XI.

"Hard is the fortune of a strolling player,
Necessity's rough burden doomed to bear;
And scanty is the pittance he can earn,
Wandering from town to town, from barn to barn."

The troop consisted of several persons. Some of whom travelled on foot, while others were seated on mules, which also appeared laden with bales of goods; and we distinguished some women amongst them: they were led on by a man dressed in a soldier's uniform, whose cap was hung with small bells, which he jingled at pleasure, flourishing at the same time a lantern suspended from a long pole, while he urged them on with peals of laughter,

occasionally singing stanzas of some popular ballad in a pleasing musical manner. We stood at a little distance on one side of the road, reluctantly attracting the attention of this riotous party, when he who carried the lantern immediately halted, inviting us to join them on their way to Bologna. "Come along; fear nothing," continued he, "you will find plenty of good cheer, and a noble reception every where, when it is once known that you belong to the company of the celebrated comedian, Acquilo Lanciolo, whose fame has extended itself from the lake Maggiore, to cape Spartivento, and who likewise astonished the inhabitants of Otranto, Manfredonia, and a thousand other cities, by the splendid abilities he displayed in the celebrated tragedy of *Il Finale del Mondo*, and who is now on his way to Bologna, to perform it over again with boundless applause."

During this harangue, which was delivered with various theatrical flourishes, I had leisure to consider whether to accept his proposal or not: little as I liked the appearance of the troop in question, in our desperate situation there appeared no other alternative; therefore, after a few moments hesitation, I approached the noble Lanciolo, and gave him to understand accordingly, but that overcome with fatigue it was impossible for us to travel much further on foot, upon which he ordered one of his men to dismount, and placing us upon the mule, we moved on, and turning suddenly into a broad road, after having proceeded about half a mile, we stopped at the entrance of a village, and an innkeeper hastening to receive us, and taking off the baggage, ushered us into an apartment with bare walls, the floor of which was almost as badly paved as the road we had tra

velled; at one end there stood the provender for the mules, who were soon afterwards quietly lodged under the same roof, which however contributed to our comfort, as the evening was extremely cold. I had now an opportunity of viewing the party before me, which consisted of Signor Lanciolo, his wife, three men and two women belonging to the company. Lanciolo was a slight well made little man, about eight and thirty years of age, with dark eyes and black mustachoes: though a native of Tuscany, he spoke French fluently; while a careless laughing jovial temper, and a decided turn for buffoonery, was strongly marked in every line of his countenance: he was born it seems of reputable opulent parents, but had wasted his patrimony in riot and profligacy, when he accidentally fell in with a company of comedians travelling from Florence to Naples. The

sprightliness of his humour and advantages of person soon advanced him in the good graces of the company; and the public distinguished Acquilo Lanciolo: he therefore became of much consequence to his master, who soon afterwards died, and his widow having long sustained a tender regard for this knight of Melpomene, declared her passion in blank verse, which he answered in rhyme, and they soon chimed in together most amicably, and carried on their theatricals with alacrity, through most of the provincial towns in Italy. This Juno, a good deal on the wrong side of thirty, guarded her Jupiter with a jealous eye. She was tall, large, and her features masculine, her voice harsh and disagreeable.

The other two women were also married, and their husbands sat opposite to them. They were haggard worn-out looking women, about thirty years

of age, and the effects of a vicious disorderly life were written in legible characters on their countenances: the dismal remains of former beauty, varnished and painted, gave rise to sensations of disgust and melancholy: the indecency of their demeanour, the disorder of their dress, and greasy hair, hanging in ends from under their flaunting capuchins, formed altogether one of the most disagreeable exhibitions I ever beheld.

Their husbands, mean looking men, by an indescribable turn of countenance and bend of the shoulders, denoted the mean sneaking connivance at their wive's irregularities, whose glances at Signor Lanciolo, and at the personage who sat next him, were too significant to be misunderstood. The latter was a genteel looking man about forty years of age, and to all appearance perfectly correct in his deportment: I was much

surprised at finding him in such company, but had not an opportunity of satisfying my curiosity as to the circumstances which brought him thither.

Much impetuosity and haste was expressed by the party, and displeasure against the innkeeper, for his delay in sending up the supper, which however was at last placed upon the table. It consisted of a *olla Podrida*, four capons flank'd with beccaficos and macaroni in abundance: a flask of country wine was put by each plate, and for a time little was said on either side; but as soon as the appetites of the company were satisfied, the wine began to inspire these princes and princesses most furiously, and a scene of confusion and uproar followed, which it is impossible to describe.

Signor Lanciolo ranted in mock heroics, the two Signoras sung and made

love, *ad improvesatori*, addressing their looks and sighs attentively at him, and at the man who sat next to me. Acquilo's Cara Sposa unfortunately interrupted some of their glances, and a soft expressive pinch intended for her husband's knee, unfortunately missing its direction, alighted on her own, which was extended under the table, and she became the enraged Sultana in an instant. The indignation of Zara, the fury of Medea, the rage of Clytemnistra, was a joke compared to it. The glasses were overturned, and a deluge of wine, followed by a volley of oaths, was aimed at the unhappy Signoras, who in return performed their parts to admiration. They screamed most musically, and sung and screamed, imploring compassion in the most moving strains: their husbands sneaked away laughing, while Signor Lanciolo in vain endeavoured to silence the combatants, but

the tumult encreased, and the innkeeper was at last obliged to interfere. Disgusted beyond expression with my theatrical friends, I followed him out of the room, and requested he would allow me to repose any where apart from the rest of the company. I accordingly retired to a room where they kept hay, the only place in the inn which was not otherwise occupied, and assisted by Janatone, who followed me in, drew down plenty of soft hay and fragrant herbs, and made two comfortable beds; but our rest was almost instantly disturbed by the entrance of some strangers into the inn-yard, and presently I heard footsteps pacing along the way which led to the granary, and I heard a person speaking to the innkeeper, whose voice I instantly recognized, and no music ever sounded sweeter in my ear; it was de Verneuil's. Throwing on my upper garments,

opening the door, and advancing to him, was the work of an instant; while on his side, he could scarcely credit the evidence of his own senses, on seeing me issue from a hay-loft, in an obscure inn in the village of Nocera, at the foot of the Apennines.

However, his silent astonishment gave way as he rapturously advanced and folded me in his arms, and making a thousand inquiries as to what had brought me thither: but I declined entering into any particulars till we were alone, and then I would no longer conceal from this excellent and affectionate friend those events which had cruelly succeeded others of a still more afflicting nature; and I added my fears that I must never more hope to see Rimini again.

The joy which sparkled in de Verneuil's brilliant eyes at his latter intelligence vanished the moment he

beheld my tears; and gazing at me with his accustomed soft earnestness and tender solicitude, "I will prove myself worthy of this confidence, my Giovanna," said he, "nor will I profane your grief by a repetition of those vows of love which warm my heart with unabated ardour. Allow me to escort you to a place of safety, and if I may presume to offer my advice, you will seek the protection of Madame de Liancourt, as my mother's house, which is open to de St. Hilaire, can no longer be a safe asylum for you. I will conduct you to Leghorn, from whence I know a frigate has been ordered round to Toulon for the purpose of taking her and her family to Lisbon, and I will see you safe on board: and my Giovanna," added he, "when seas and mountains separate us, allow your thoughts sometimes to revisit your friend? Will you think of him who sees

you perhaps for the last time, and whose faithful imagination has incessantly presented your lovely form to his view amidst the gay scenes of Paris, and among the snowy Apennines? It was but a few moments ago, that bewildered in the passes of these dreary mountains, the tones of your melodious voice fluttered in my ear, while my thoughts rested with rapture on our last conversation, retracing with transport every sentence which you uttered. I again behold those emotions which animated your countenance, when in the soft accents of friendship you bade me farewel. Repeat to me, most beloved of women, those enchanting assurances, that every sentiment is mine which can console me for the absence of love: and alas! my Giovanna, must I thus place limits to my wishes, and eternally lament the futility of my hopes? Must I with despair behold

you devoted to another, and remain convinced that you can never be mine? Are woes such as I feel alone to be the reward of tenderness, and devoted attachment? Alas! why did I listen to the delusive voice of friendship, whose treacherous hopes, and perfidious expectations, have destroyed me, and forever bereaved me of repose? Would to heaven, Giovanna, that you had spurned me from you, and like the rest of your sex, triumphed in the torments of the discarded lover. I should have found in your cruelty an alleviation of my sorrows; disdain would have assisted pride in vanquishing love. But your fatal compassion and softness has undone me, and nought remains for me but to despair and die."

"Alas! de Verneuil," replied I, "behold how quickly the fatal influence of the passions obliterate from our bosoms every generous resolve. It was but

an instant ago that you promised me an eternal silence on a subject which must excite my grief and tears while it condemns my friend to experience the cruel sensations of bitterness and regret. Would to heaven, de Verneuil, that you had passed me by unheeded in this obscure village, and willingly would I have remained exposed to the attacks of licentiousness and perils of destitution, rather than by this interview have revived a passion which I deplore. Recall to your assistance every noble resolve to vanquish a predilection which is inimical to my happiness equally with your own."

"What hope of this remains," replied de Verneuil, since absence has proved the ally of love; and in lieu of effacing the remembrance of your attractions, represents them to my view in all the glowing colours of youth; while

my thoughts retain their active powers, incessantly will they transport me into your presence. The recollection of your charms will be triumphant till memory ceases to reflect the images of the past, and while judgment remains unimpaired, it will point out to me that you alone are worthy of regard. Regret not, my Giovanna, this interview; lament not that accident which has conferred upon me the rapture of once more beholding you; the joy of withdrawing you from the haunts of danger; an eternal absence may possibly succeed these assurances of tenderness, these declarations of love: the commands of my country withdrew me from France, on the eve of embarking for foreign service, and quitting those scenes, endeared to me inexpressibly my Giovanna, for there I first beheld you. I depart less wretched from the consideration that I have once more

renewed my vows of never-ceasing tenderness and love."

At day-break on the following morning we left the Apennines, and took the road leading to Leghorn.

CHAP. XII.

L'esperance toute trompeuse qu'elle est, sert
au moins a nous mener
A la fin de la vie par un chemin agreable.
BRUYERE.

IMMEDIATELY on our arrival at Leghorn, de Verneuil went in search of his friend M. de Beauharnois, who commanded la Tonnante frigate, ready to put to sea, and soon afterwards returned with him to the hotel. He was a good looking man about five and forty, cordial and civil in his manners, who gave me every assurance of attention and interest during my navigation to Toulon. It was in compliance with the earnest entreaties of de Verneuil, and because I observed

that my refusal had given him pain, that I reluctantly consented to go with him in a short excursion on the water, to view some of the finest scenery near the city. I sedulously avoided every further explanation on his side, and indulged the hope that the presence of the boatmen would suspend all conversation on the subject of his passion, which invariably arose in a private interview; we accordingly embarked an hour or two before sun-set, and passing through the numerous shipping which lay in harbour, proceeded to the northward of the city of Leghorn, which gradually retreated from our view, and the masts of the vessels, resembling a forest of pine trees, disappeared, as in turning a point of land, we entered a spacious bay enclosed by rocky promontories on each side, advancing far into the water: mountains of sand appeared heaped

together by the turbulence of the winds and waves, without a vestige of vegetation, except here and there a few stunted shoots of the eringo root and prickly pear. The scenery before us conveyed sensations to the mind of savage grandeur and unrelenting sterility, which I viewed with considerable interest. De Verneuil, always attentive to my looks, and ever watchful and desirous of anticipating my wishes, immediately turned the rudder; the boatmen suspended their oars, and the flowing tide drove the keel of the boat gently across the golden sand. We landed, and walked along the shore, apparently untrodden by the foot of man; the light sea bird flitted before us, and the heavy winged cormorant stood patiently watching its prey in the shallows: no sound disturbed the calmness of the evening except the screams of the sea fowl and the gentle

murmur of the tide: solitude reigned around, such as the imagination suspends over the uninhabited islands of the Pacific Ocean. Proceeding onwards we reached the foot of the most distant promontory, and having with some difficulty succeeded in climbing over the rocks, beheld a beautiful and striking contrast to the scene of desolation behind us. Variegated was the foliage which arose among the rocks: the laurestine displayed its cluster of strawberry fruit, and the wild vine spread its tendrils over the stones; the orange and the lemon trees, with their bright green leaves and snowy blossoms, crowned the heights, and the scarlet fuscia dipped its crimson wreaths in the tide; the yellow broom waved its slender shoots, flinging perfume to the breeze: but our progress along the shore was soon stopped by the returning tide, and retreating a few

paces, we entered a cavern at the foot of a rock which seemed formed by the hand of nature, for the purpose of repose to the foot and delight to the eye of the traveller: a variety of marine plants hung in wreaths from the interstices of the stone, and several small rills resembling silver threads marked their progress down the sides of the rock, and crept along the fine sand which strewed the floor; the blue expanse of the ocean appeared to the left, and before us the flowery landscape which I have already described; a piece of stone detached by the waves from the roof or sides lay at the entrance, and fatigued by my walk I gladly reposed on it, while de Verneuil placed himself at my side; and I expatiated on the pleasure which the surrounding scenery had afforded me. But he continued for some moments silently gazing on the ocean, and press-

ing my hand, which he held in his, at length exclaimed with emotion.—

"How can I behold without despair those waves which will shortly bear you away for ever from my view? The rising breeze sounds mournfully in my ear. To-morrow, alas! my Giovanna, it will fill your sails and drive you swiftly from my arms. Lovely woman, what shall console me for your absence? I shall return to this spot after your departure, and seek for you in vain; and alas! when you are here no longer, desolation will reign aronnd, and the beauty of this luxurious landscape, and those blosoming trees, will fade and vanish to my view: and must the ardent love which animates me remain a torment to my soul for ever: I feel as though your beauteous form was familiar to my imagination, long before your bright eyes met my view. Surely, my Giovanna, in some prior state of

existence I have beheld you, and held kindred to your soul; but some deity, envious of my happiness, has driven me from supreme felicity, and condemned me to wander on earth like those unhappy souls whom the poets feign condemned to roam within sight of bliss, without the possibility of obtaining it.

"I shall often," continued he, "revisit the cavern when you are gone, and it will be some consolation to reflect that your eyes have been fixed for a few moments on some particular object within: I will engrave our names on the rock, and you shall add a line underneath according to your own pleasure:" so saying, he searched for a sharp flint, and after he had made the names sufficiently legible, while he pressed it against the rock and guided my hand, I wrote as follows:"—"*Le temps qui fortifie l'amitié affoiblit l'amour.*" De Verneuil pressed my

hand with rapture to his lips, and passing it through his arm, we returned to the boat, and soon afterwards landed at Leghorn. M. De Beauharnois in the evening informed us that every thing would be ready to put to sea at day-break on the following morning. De Verneuil in the interim wrote a letter to Madame De Liancourt, informing her as far as it was prudent of those circumstances which had obliged me to seek her protection, at the same time recommending me most warmly to her care: while I wrote to Rimini, and directed the letter to Signor Ferraro at Bologna. I arose the following morning at day-break, and de Verneuil met me with pallid and dejected countenance, and in silence conducted me to the boat which waited to convey me on board. The earnestness with which he watched every look and motion; the care and attention with

which he had provided all things for my comfort during my voyage; his tender and respectful demeanour, and those delicate and refined sentiments which so strongly characterize de Verneuil, recurred to my recollection with redoubled force at the moment of parting, perhaps for ever; and though de Verneuil did not for an instant usurp Rimini's place in my heart, yet he appeared there for a moment by his side, and I could not articulate my farewel, or express the nature of those sentiments which his generosity had excited in my bosom; after having escorted me on board, he approached me for a moment, and with faltering emotion articulated these words:—

"Remember your promise, my Giovanna; write to me; it is the only consolation I can possibly receive—farewel."

I pressed his hand in affirmation, and hastened to the cabin to conceal my grief: returning on deck, I saw the boat which contained him rowing away from the frigate: the anchor was heaved, the capstern shifted, the top-sail loosed, the wind filled the sails, and we cut through the foaming waves, and soon lost sight of harbour. I had recourse to a book which my dear friend de Verneuil had given me on the preceding evening for my amusement during the voyage, and opening it I found the following lines, written by his hand with a pencil on one of the blank leaves.

VERS A UNE AMIE.

5 *Aoust*, 1804.

Oui dans la solitude, au milieu des deserts,
Je vois que sans regrets, l'on peut passer sa vie.
Que m'importe la foule; et ses plaisirs divers!
Pour gouter le bonheur, je ne veux qu'une amie.

Avec elle J'admire, arbres, vallons, ruisseaux.
La nature pour elle et par elle embellie,

Sur les coteaux sourit, ou brille sur les eaux
Un désert me plaira, s'il plait à mon amie.

Roi qui nous ravissois, paysage enchanté,
Seul, j'irai visiter ton image fleurie.
Mais bientôt tu perdras, fraicheur, eclat, beauté;
Bientôt! helas! demain je perdrai mon amie.

Et vous flots destructeurs sans cesse courroucés,
Respectez désormais la caverne chérie.
Baignez en paix le roc où nos noms sont tracés,
Ah! du moins respectez celui de mon amie.

Mais si sourd a mes vaux l'aquilon mugissant
Vous rendoit l'instrument de sa noire furie.
S'il effaçoit son nom!! Effort, vain impuissant!
Je rentre dans mon cœur, j'y revois mon amie.

After five days favourable navigation we anchored at Toulon, and I remained on board for half an hour, till I received Madame de Liancourt's answer to my letter, inviting me to her house with great kindness. As soon as I had satisfied her curiosity, which

was a good deal excited by de Verneuil's letter, she expressed herself much pleased at having my society in Lisbon, to which place she was prepared to go in the course of two or three days; in the mean time I wrote to Verneuil, who I was assured would rejoice in being informed of these favourable dispositions towards me, and, accompanied by Madame de Liancourt and her daughter, a child of nine years old, followed by Janatone and other attendants, I returned on board la Tonnante, and on the fifteenth of September we set sail for Lisbon, and proceeded without any interruption till within three days sail of the Streights; when one morning a frigate of superior force gave us chase: we hoisted signals, fired guns, all to no purpose, and concluding her to be an English vessel, made considerable efforts to outsail her, but in vain: the pursuing frigate was

in our wake, and gaining upon us every moment, already touched the foam which our keel raised in the yielding waves.

M. de Beauharnois ordered his hammock, garments, &c. to be made ready to be conveyed on board the enemy's vessel as soon as she boarded us, which was expected every moment. Madame de Liancourt secured her jewels and money in her garments, while I concealed a considerable sum (which de Verneuil had forced upon my acceptance before we parted) among the folds of my hair, and I sat down on the floor of the great cabin, near my friend and her child, endeavouring to console them both, and quiet their fears. In a few seconds the enemy opened her port-holes, and threatened us with a broadside; and my imagination, ever active in raising fearful images, represented to my view our starting timbers,

opening planks, and struggling crew sinking in the waves: I took a pencil, and opening the glass of my watch, inclosed a slip of paper on which I had traced a passionate farewel to my beloved Rimini, and concealing it carefully in my bosom, indulged the hope that some fortunate accident would secure it, some charitable hand would withdraw it from my remains, and convey to him this last memorial of Giovanna's love. These woful reflections, however, were interrupted by the voice of our commander, M. de Beauharnois, requesting the ladies to shew themselves upon deck, which dissipated our alarm in a moment; in fact, it proved to be the Agincourt frigate, commanded by M. de Brhul, cruizing off the Corsica station, who gave us chase, having to send dispatches to the southward, and the circumstance of not having answered our

signals proceeded either from thoughtlessness or levity, which might have been attended with disagreeable effects.

Nothing worthy of remark occurred during the remainder of our voyage. We anchored in the bay of Lisbon on the tenth of October; and M. de Liancourt, who was waiting our arrival, hastened on board to embrace his wife and daughter; and having recognized me with great cordiality, he conducted us to a handsome hotel, situated in the upper part of the town of Lisbon, called Buenos Ayres: the rooms, lofty and well furnished, commanded a view of the bay and opposite coast: every thing was arranged in the most agreeable manner for our reception, and I endeavoured to enjoy the advantages of affluence and endearments of friendship which surrounded me: but, alas! peace had fled from me, and the soft

fugitive eluded my utmost endeavours to woo her back again; and she must return a willing guest; compulsion or restraint extinguishes her smiles, and all attempts to compel her to our embraces usually end in disappointment.

CHAP. XIII.

"Le amor l'abandona
Ogn' alma si lagna
Le amor l'accompagna
Contenta non è ;
Di chi vi dolete,
Se viver felici
Ne meco sapete
Ne Senza di me?"

The Prince and Princess of Brazil had retired to their settlements in South America some months previous to our arrival in Lisbon, and very few English families had remained there after that period, except a small number of persons engaged in mercantile transactions, which were still carried on between the nations, though with very uncertain success.

A good deal of confusion appeared to prevail in the political department; and troops of English soldiers marched into the city and out again, according to the casual success of the contending powers. The magnificent buildings of the Necessidades, on the road to Belem, had been converted into a barrack, and the delicious gardens belonging to it (hitherto impervious to the female foot) became the rendezvous of the soldiers' wives; the other convents had shared the same fate, and the monks and friars had been seized upon by military force, and by discipline compelled to become, in some measure, useful to the community. The hordes of beggars which formerly assembled round the convent walls, waiting for their daily portion of food, had disappeared; for the revenues of their houses being seized, they were forced either to work for a maintenance, or apply

elsewhere; and heaps of dirt and rubbish, which formerly littered the streets, and deformed one of the finest cities in Europe, having been removed, the passenger could pass to and fro, either in carriages or on foot, without inconvenience; and we perambulated with unweary step, the magnificent public buildings, and our eyes wandered with delight over the grand and variegated scenery from the *Convent Franco*.

Soon after our arrival in Lisbon, Madame de Liancourt having complained of indisposition, we prepared to visit Cintra, the air of which is highly beneficial to invalids; and the beauties of the scenery, universally extolled, the distance not more than fifteen miles from Lisbon. The valley of Cintra, where every beauty of rock, wood, and water rest combined, is of small extent, bounded by the sea to westward, and the plains of Mafra to

the north-east. The northern side is distinguished by several rocks of a conical form, rising perpendicularly to the skies, resembling piles of immense stones; and the imagination suggests the idea of their having been placed there, in commemoration of some gigantic exploit achieved soon after the deluge.

On the summit of one of these stupendous eminences superstition has fixed a dwelling-place for her votaries, and condemned them to breathe a humid atmosphere, obscured by endless vapours; their habitation rocked by never-ceasing storms.

A convent, formerly consisting of a numerous community, still exists, and the Peigna convent usually attracts the attention of travellers. The village of Cintra stands immediately beneath, at the entrance of the valley, three miles distant from the sea.

A few days after our arrival, a little before sun-set, and leaving the village to the right, we wound up the steep acclivity of the hill, and after clambering among loose stones and disjointed rocks, reached the arched gateway, which leads to the interior of the Peigna convent; the tinkling of a bell gave notice of our approach, and the door was opened, but we found the building almost entirely deserted: the monks, who formerly resided there, by degrees died of old age; and others, not having been found willing to endure the penance of living in this exalted abode, two or three individuals alone remained, whom we perceived to be almost stupified in consequence of solitude, indifferent food, and incessant gloom: nine days in ten the vapour rolling from the sea along the valley, and ascending the mountain, mid-way meets the clouds, attracted by the vast eminence on

which the convent stands, involving them in darkness, and drizzling rain. Passing through the chapel we ascended the turret, and looking round for a few moments, beheld an extensive prospect; distinctly recognizing the rock of Lisbon, and the high lands rising above the vale of Alcantra, in the vicinity of the capital; but each object suddenly becoming involved in smoke and humidity, we gladly retreated from this cheerless residence, after having left a trifling gratuity on the altar in the chapel.

Some remains of Moorish fortification, seated also on the summit of one of these piles of stone, and erected when the Moors were in possession of this part of Portugal, attracted our attention: accordingly, on the following evening mounted upon Buros, we proceeded to the foot of the rock, and began to ascend its rugged and uneven

side, when, within about two-thirds of the distance from the summit, we found ourselves obliged to continue our progress on foot, and soon reached the outside wall of the fortification, which encircles the whole of the rock, and which the hand of time has in many places laid level with the ground; the remains of this are almost wholly covered with ivy, and partly concealed by brushwood; and we clambered on with difficulty over loose stones, till we discovered a building of inconsiderable extent, the walls and roof entire, which tradition points out as having formerly been a mosque. We distinguished the representation of a human figure, probably of some holy personage. The pavement on the floor was considerably defaced, and heaps of rubbish lay scattered here and there; the ivy crept in through the apertures, which formerly served as windows, and a variety of

mosses grew among the stones: the shades of evening began to render the objects around us indistinct, and the last beams of light gilded the mouldering turrets of the fortification at the summit of the rock; we therefore passed on: as the surrounding scenery conveyed sensations of danger and desolation, it was with some difficulty that we reached the extent of our destination, when our attention was particularly directed to a well of remarkably clear water, a few feet deep, resting on the surface of a pebbly soil, which is arched over with brick or stone-work, twelve or fourteen feet in length: we paused here a while, and tasted the water, which is extremely pure, and amused ourselves with various conjectures as to the customs of those barbarians who cleared the well, and erected these fortifications, and resorted thither in search of refresh-

ment and repose. We beheld them in times of tumult and of danger, driving their flocks and herds from the neighbouring plains, and industriously securing them within these walls: or returning from scenes of plunder, we saw them eagerly engaged, and in boisterous contention dividing their spoils; while others lying in ambush behind the turrets, endeavoured to cover the retreat of their comrades flying from the vengeance and pursuit of those peasants whom they had recently pillaged; but the turmoil of rapine, the events of anxiety and perturbation are hushed; silence rests upon the mouldering turret, and is seldom disturbed by the voice or footsteps of the stranger.

Retreating from the well, we returned to the summit of the rock, and bending over the crumbling walls which overhang the valley and village

of Cintra, we saw the clouds rising from the sea, roll along the valley in tumultuous heaps, and presently distinguished the murmur of distant thunder and streaky lightning dart from cloud to cloud; while the clear ether above our heads was spangled with stars, and calmness and repose brooded over the summit of the rock. We paused a while to admire the grandeur of the scene, but were obliged at last to descend into the region of the tempest, and continued our way homewards, while the harmless lightning extended itself in sheets of liquid fire before us, and the thunder rolled in the distance.

Beautiful beyond description is the valley of Cintra, which might be represented by the poet to have receded from the barren plains of Mafra, at the command of a mighty enchanter, desirous of affording repose and security

to some beloved mistress, apprehensive of pursuit and fatigued by flight: winding paths lead through grottos overhung with flowering shrubs and arching trees, inaccessible to the rays of the sun, where the murmur of falling streams mingles sweetly with the rustling of the leaves, as the sea breeze gently sweeps over them, and the gloom of the forest is diversified by natural vistas discovering the white sail gliding on the surface of the rumpled sea, or the towers of Mafra rising to the east. But enchanting as are the environs of Cintra, yet the traveller quits it without regret; and whenever the eye becomes familiar with the singular and charming scenery, he becomes alive to the many disagrêmens attending a residence there: letters and papers with difficulty find their way, and you must be indebted to the attentive recollection of your friends for all intelligence from

without. Painfully anxious as I was, in regard to the result of Rimini's visit into Switzerland, it was not surprising that this circumstance often obscured to my view the beauties of nature, and rendered the murmurs of the water-fall discordant to my ear; I therefore heard with satisfaction that Madame de Liancourt proposed returning to Lisbon immediately after having visited the Cork convent, which we proposed doing on the following day. An hour or two before sun-set we mounted our mules, and soon afterwards entered the valley of Colares, leading to the Cork convent; and entering a wood of cork-trees (which by the bye are rugged ill-looking trees), and rising a gentle ascent, we distinguished amidst the branching wood an archway of cork-wood, and if I remember right, touched a bell and clapper of the same materials, whose clattering sound

brought a young friar to the door, who appeared before us with a flasket and a goblet in his hand, and courteously offered us refreshment. We tasted what appeared to us delicious wine, and following our conductor, he led us through a garden to the convent, and shewed us their cells, refectory, &c. &c. where every piece of furniture appeared made of the cork-tree. He afterwards led us through a shrubbery to a rising ground, where we beheld an hermitage hewn in the rock, which our conductor informed us had been inhabited for thirty years by a monk who did voluntary penance there; and we seated ourselves on some huge stones overgrown with moss, which stood opposite to the door of the hermitage, and our eye wandered over the vast expanse of ocean below, distinguishing, to the right, the rocks called Borlingos.

Our conductor was a good-looking young man, about thirty years of age; his complexion fresh, and countenance indicative of cheerfulness and serenity. We entered into conversation, and found that he was satisfied with the mode of life which he had chosen; and as this fraternity were permitted to descend into the valley, and converse at pleasure with the inhabitants, he suffered little of those restraints usually attendant upon monastic life; and his appearance did not bear any tokens of abstinence or mortification. After having left upon the altar in the chapel the usual donation, we quitted the Cork convent, and emerged from the wood leading from it at sun-set; and the evening, which closes in very soon, swiftly involved in its shades the valley of Colares, through which we had to pass on our return to Cintra. We had not proceeded far, when seve-

ral natives, with long poles in their hands, appeared stealing through the gloom, and advancing towards an opening in the wood which skirted the side of the road, stood evidently waiting our approach. Our guide stopped the mules, and spoke a few words in Portuguese, in a hurried manner, which denoted considerable alarm, and remained irresolute how to act; at last, one of the men advanced a few paces, as if to reconnoitre, and immediately he whirled his long pole about his head, and flung it at our guide, who instantly fell to the ground. Circumstances now became truly alarming; the banditti attacked us in due form, darting their poles at us in all directions, several of which fell harmless, their weight broken by the branches of the trees which crossed the road. Alarm for my own safety soon gained its ascendancy in my breast; I gave

the reins to my mule, and goading her with a sharp stick, she carried me with inconceivable rapidity back the way we had come; at length she made a pause, unable to proceed any further; and while she stood panting, and I remained trembling, the trampling of horses was heard approaching, which I soon found to proceed from a party of strangers, one of whom instantly alighting came up, and inquired in the English language whether he could be of any service to me. I understood what he said, and answered him tolerably well, pointing to the place where we had been attacked, and conjured him to assist my friends. He immediately sent forward two of his own servants with arms, and led the mule by the bridle while I gave him further particulars as to our attack. The assistance of the stranger's domestics was of essential service to my friends.

M. de Liancourt had received a blow across the back, which nearly disabled him; and his wife, half-dead with terror, was lying by the side of the road; while the thieves, having overcome our guides, were preparing to rifle them, and lead off the mules, when the seasonable discharge of the fire-arms put them to flight. Many were the expressions of gratitude addressed to our deliverer; and proceeding together to Cintra, M. de Liancourt requested to know to whom we were indebted for this seasonable succour. The stranger replied that his name was Monro, and that he should take an early opportunity of paying his respects to us; and we parted with expressions of cordiality on his side, and unfeigned gratitude on our own.

END OF VOL. II.

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